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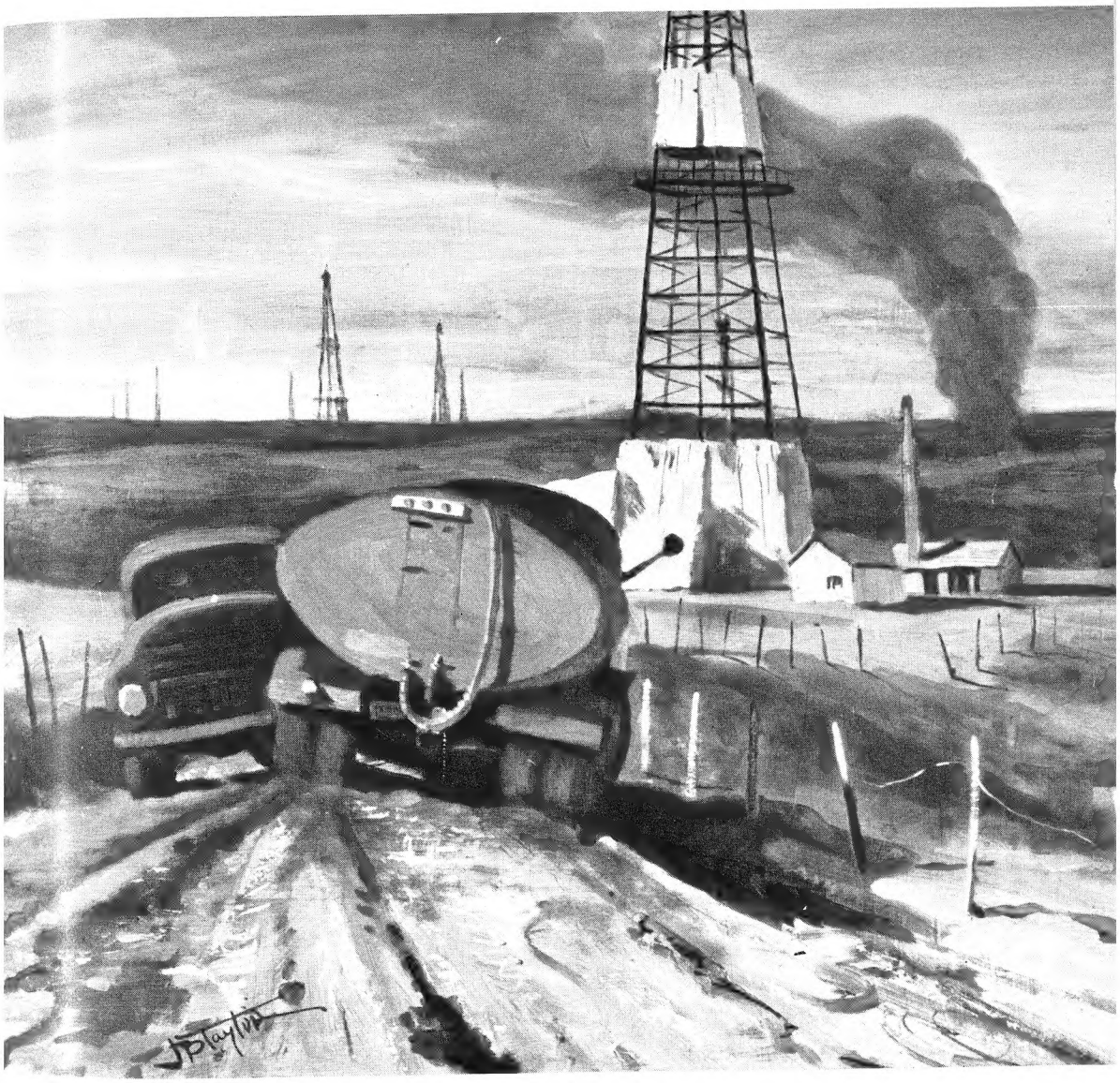

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, FALL, 1950

VOLUME VIII NUMBER 3

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The New Trail

A quarterly publication of the University of Alberta
and its Alumni Association

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Volume VIII Fall, 1950 Number 3

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The Editor's Page

The magnificent new Students' Union Building is now in use. September 28th, 1950, was the gala day, and we wish everyone in the University of Alberta could have been present at the opening. The day itself was foul, but no one seemed to notice. We wish, too, you could have seen the faces of those students who had the privilege of showing the guests through the building. We could be mistaken, but we gathered the impression that they were mighty proud. Our little chipmunk was there, of course, and tells in her own column what she saw.

* * * * * *

In the past few weeks here at the University of Alberta we have said farewell to our President of the past eight years, and have seen a new one installed in his place. Dr. Newton, we are happy to say, is still with us. He is Director of Research, Research Council of Alberta, and has his office in the North "Lab". President Andrew Stewart was duly installed on Saturday, October 28th, in a simple and dignified ceremony. For this issue Professor F. M. Salter has been good enough to review the work done by Dr. Newton, and Dr. Mayo is the spokesman for all who greet the new president.

* * * * * *

Readers of *The New Trail* will be interested to learn that the Alumni Furnishing Fund has now reached the $8,700 figure. This sum represents a good number of contributors, but we had hoped for many more. So, if anyone is still holding a five-or ten-dollar bill, ear-marked for the Alumni Furnishing Fund, Students' Union Building, please don't hesitate to send it in to us. It is not too late. There are a few sources yet to be heard from, and the committee in charge is hoping to be able to present to the students a cheque for at least ten thousand dollars. Why not look up that pamphlet we sent you; you know the one, "What's Happening—U. of A.", and do *now* what you have been intending all along to do.

* * * * * *

Since the summer issue of *The New Trail* went out we have moved from Room 239 Arts Building to Room 204 Students' Union Building. The number isn't yet on the door, but the name is (in gold letters at plenty per square inch). Just turn to the right as you enter the main lobby and you can't miss us. We shall be delighted to have you admire our new quarters.

* * * * * *

Altogether so far it has been quite an exciting year for the University of Alberta —a brand new President, an honest-to-goodness building for the students, and a "posh" new office for the Alumni Secretary, who is also Editor of *The New Trail*! Good old 1950!

ANDREW STEWART
New President, University of Alberta

Our New President

By H. B. Mayo

Scotland has an old and honourable tradition of exporting its native sons to the far corners of the earth. Since there is always plenty of talent left, this one-way traffic does not noticeably affect Scotland and is greatly to the benefit of the countries receiving the immigrants. It is thus an ideal arrangement.

Andrew Stewart is in the full stream of this tradition. Born in Auld Reekie in 1904, he went to school there at the famous Daniel Stewart's College, and thence to the East of Scotland College from which he received his C.D.A. (College Diploma in Agriculture) in 1924. He had already made up his mind that he would take up farming overseas, and the only question that remained was where. He sought an answer in an unusual way, by setting out on a round-the-world trip to take a look at the British Dominions to choose the one in which he would settle.

Canada was the first step in his itinerary, and he spent the summer and fall of 1924 on a farm in the fertile area 26 miles north-west of Winnipeg, going on to Victoria for the winter like any veteran westerner. Following this he spent ten months in Australia working on cattle and sheep ranches, and paid a visit to South Africa on his homeward journey to Edinburgh. By this time Andrew Stewart's question was answered. Of the three Dominions he had seen, Canada appealed to him most, and in the spring of 1926 he returned to Manitoba. A year later, in partnership with a fellow-Scot, he bought the farm where he had worked before and remained to harvest three crops.

During the next few years several decisions did much to shape his later life. The first was in 1929 when he left the farm to enroll as a student at Manitoba Agricultural College (affiliated with the University). He took his B.S.A. two years later, and his M.A. in economics from Manitoba followed in 1932 together with an appointment as lecturer for 1932-33. Henceforth the academic life marked him for her own.

The second step was marriage. It was quite natural for the good-looking young Scot to meet and court the pretty lass on the neighbouring farm; Jessie Borland was born in Moose Jaw but had moved with her family to Winnipeg and later to the farm. They were married in 1931 while Andrew was still a student, assisted by a handsome cash prize of $1,000 which accompanied a Royal Bank scholarship. His prize-winning thesis on Agricultural Machinery was later published by the Royal Bank.

During this period the Pioneer Problems Committee, under W. A. MacIntosh, now vice-principal of Queen's, was undertaking its monumental studies of prairie life and settlement. Andrew Stewart joined the team on this project, working particularly with R. W. Murchie, to whose Volume V he contributed an appendix

Dr. H. B. Mayo is associate professor of political economy and acting head of the Department of Political Economy at the University of Alberta. He is a graduate of Dalhousie and Oxford Universities—a Rhodes Scholar for Newfoundland.—Ed.

on Power Farming. This turned out to be only the first of a long series of research studies which Andrew Stewart was to make of western Canadian rural problems, thereby gaining that acquaintance with the West that will enable him to ensure that the University performs its function as a public service institution as well as a tower of learning.

While with the Pioneer Problems Committee, he spent the summer of 1933 with Murchie at Minnesota, working towards his Ph.D. In the fall of 1933 he returned with his wife to Edinburgh, where he worked for a year on his doctorate under the economist F. W. Ogilvie, who later became Director-General of the B.B.C. Next year he took a post in the Farm Economics Branch of the Scottish Department of Agriculture, and remained there until the autumn of 1935 when he decided to accept President Wallace's invitation to return to Canada as lecturer at the University of Alberta. This time the Stewarts crossed the Atlantic with two Scottish-born sons—a good start towards their future family of six.

The doctoral thesis never did get finished. Always there was a more interesting local problem to investigate, always the pressure of more important work at Edmonton to prevent the return to Edinburgh. Owing to the influence of the American universities, which in turn have been influenced by Germany—where professors' wives are called Frau Professor and even the schoolboys are entitled Herr Student—it is, alas, only too true that the "Ph.D. octopus", like the Colorado Beetle, has invaded Canada. The University of Alberta, however, in the best British tradition, has on the whole been indifferent to the Ph.D., and it is to be hoped that as President, Andrew Stewart will continue to resist the creature's approaches. He himself is a witness to the fact that what ought to count in academic life is personal ability in teaching and research, rather than the accumulation of "units", "credits" and "semesters", however useful the latter may be to impress freshmen and decorate the university calendar. In any case, by this time he could aptly retort, like Kittredge of Harvard: "But who would examine me?"

As a lecturer at the University of Alberta, in general and agricultural economics, Andrew Stewart was for many years closely associated with the Dominion Economics Division on the campus and was put in charge of the research programme in succession to G. H. Craig. At this time he was the chief author of the five-year study on Land Use Classification in Alberta, and a co-author of the work on Cattle Ranching in Western Canada. Although his responsibility for Dominion Economics gradually lessened with the years, a close connection was always maintained and his name appears as joint author of a number of other studies.

A full record of his research output is impossible here, but some examples should be mentioned. For the National Nutrition Council there were studies of Consumers' Expenditures on Food; for the Alberta Research Council there were the published studies on Rural Electrification, the Poplar Market Survey and others; for the Alberta Post-War Reconstruction Committee there was the lengthy report on Crop Insurance in Alberta; and for the Power Commission the Report on Farm Electric Plants. Work on land valuation brought him honorary life membership in the Appraisal Institute of Canada.

Andrew Stewart's record of public service on a variety of government bodies is impressive. To mention some of these services: he acted as Executive Secretary for the post-war Alberta Reconstruction Council, which was an Advisory Committee to the Dominion Minister of Reconstruction and Supply. In 1947-48 he served as technical adviser to the Judge Commission on Municipal Taxation in Alberta, and in 1948 he was a commissioner on the Dinning Commission which investigated Natural Gas Reserves in the Province. He was also retained to present briefs for Alberta before the Royal Commission on Transportation in Ottawa, and he himself prepared the brief upon Transportation and the Use of Resources in Alberta. The Public Utilities Commission called upon him in 1941 for a brief on the difficult problem of rate-setting for Turner Valley gas; and as late as the summer of 1950 he appeared before the Commission as an outside witness, with an assessment of the Detwiler scheme for re-planning the centre of the City of Edmonton.

With all this he has found time for membership and active participation in a number of professional organizations—of appraisers, agriculturalists, and economists too numerous to list, and has written for many professional journals on topics stemming from his extensive researches. The best known pamphlets were for the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, two Behind the Headlines series, "Can Food Win the War?" and "Canada in a Hungry World", and the larger booklet entitled "Too Many Farmers?"

It is remarkable that with such a busy professional and research life Andrew Stewart should have found time for other activities. Yet he served for four years in the C.O.T.C. where he was Captain and Quartermaster; acted as chairman of arbitration boards and as elected member of the Edmonton Public School Board (for which he topped the poll); took part in Chamber of Commerce activities, Home and School Associations, and Boy Scout Work; as well as becoming an elder in the church and managing to retain no small skill as a golfer.

In 1946, when Professor Alec Elliott left for the University of Toronto, Andrew Stewart became Head of the Department of Political Economy. In the spring of 1949 he was made Director of the School of Commerce and was also given the newly created post of Dean of Business Affairs for the University. In the latter position he conducted investigations into the University's finances and plant, more particularly in order to draw up long range plans for expansion. He is thus thoroughly familiar, as few presidents can be, with the finances and administration of the institution he has been called upon to direct.

A university functions on two planes. One concerns its relation to its community, and here a record of public service must be combined with good public relations. There may come times however in the life of any university when the whims of local parents, taxpayers or pressure groups must give way to the view that the university is in large measure autonomous, and exists to serve not only the province, but also the nation and humanity at large. In such cases it is the president who must make the vital decisions, and if he decides for the larger view he will in the long run thereby entrench the university more deeply in the trust and affection of the people.

The other aspect is mainly internal. The power of the university presidency on this continent, like that of the Crown under George III, "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished". Perhaps what is required is a shift from the Presidential to something nearer the Parliamentary type of executive, with the university head resembling a prime minister—primus inter pares. If so, a president's first consideration should be to assemble an able and stimulating staff, and then to "stand out of the light"; while with the students he should encourage a wide policy of self-government in which he appears not as autocrat but as guide, philosopher and friend. Such a policy is most likely to produce happy and loyal graduates who, after all, are worth any number of public relations officers.

The University should be well served on both the above counts by Andrew Stewart. Seldom can the appointment of a president have been so well received alike by staff, students, alumni, and general public. His intimate knowledge of the staff, of the inner workings of the institution itself, and of the community in which it is placed are all considerable initial advantages, to which may be added that since the provincial coffers are overflowing with revenue he will, for a time at least, be spared the financial worries which beset so many presidents.

In this happy combination of circumstances, he begins his new task with both family assets and personal gifts which are eminently suitable to the demands of the position. Mrs. Stewart is known to campus and city as a perfect hostess, always hospitable and serene among her lively family. Andrew Stewart's own friendliness, informality, tact, plus his rare ability to weld conflicting viewpoints into an acceptable and enlightened policy, will contribute greatly both to the smooth internal working of the University and to good external relations. Considerate of other people's opinions, always ready to acknowledge in others the integrity and careful scholarship which he himself displays, he readily commands the affection and loyalty of his staff. He is not, on the other hand, one of those professors who hold that universities would be perfect if there were no undergraduates. Blessed with tolerance and understanding of youth (no doubt partly developed in the give-and-take of a large family) he maintains a genuine interest in and concern for the undergraduate which should go far to inspire confidence and create esprit de corps among the student body.

The University is in good hands under President Andrew Stewart.

—●—

My Friend Mike

By J. W. Chalmers

As I drive through the country these fall days and see the modern self-propelled combines and handsome trucks in the fields, I am reminded of my own experiences as a harvest hand in Manitoba almost a quarter of a century ago. As the excitement, the good food, the camaraderie and fellowship are recalled, those seem "the good old days." Minor evils such as icy cold and broiling sun, Canada thistle and animated dandruff, refractory horses and decrepit rigs—did they ever exist?

Typical of the outfits on which I worked was one powered by perhaps the last surviving steam tractor in the West. The crew included the separator men (the boss), the fireman, the water man, a dozen pitchers, and a few half-grown boys to haul the grain.

It was on this outfit that I met my friend Mike Popovec. Surely he deserves a place in our folklore comparable to that of Paul Bunyan or Old Stormaway. But because his lot fell among inarticulate wheat farmers his exploits have been forgotten. Had he been a cowboy, a lumberjack, a sailor, his deeds would have been embellished, embroidered, adorned until his shadow would have stretched from the shores of that ancient Agassiz Lake to the foothills of the Rockies. Instead, his only monument is perhaps this plain and factual memoir.

Although Mike seems in retrospect to have been ten feet tall, he couldn't have been more than six. And the width of his shoulders and depth of his chest made him seem almost squatty. He came to our outfit direct from the plains of Hungary, with no word of English, no means of communication other than his luculent smile. But that was enough.

At first, like all greenhorns, he made all the mistakes in the book. Then he added an appendix. He tried to unharness his team by unfastening the hames at the top rather than at the bottom, with the result that the harness fell around the horses' fetlocks. He tried to put the harness on upside-down, inside-out, and backwards. The boss spent forty profane minutes straightening it out. Mike got his reins crossed, so that the team went gee when he pulled haw, and almost wound up in the big stock-watering tank. Or he so fastened his lines that the near horse headed in the direction of the rising sun whilst the other veered toward the Rockies. Once Mike angled a load of bundles over a fire-guard furrow and dumped sheaves, rack, and himself on the ground precisely as the fireman was tooting madly for sheaves. In short, his maladroitness was such as to keep the boss, an old-country Belgian, in a constant state of profane near-apoplexy. There have

Dr Jack Chalmers, superintendent of schools, Sedgewick, Alberta, needs no introduction to readers of **The New Trail.** But there may be some who do not know that at the moment he is one of a committee engaged in collecting material for a new reader for Canadian children Naturally we are vastly gratified to learn that this group plans to draw somewhat heavily on the files of **The New Trail.** We think **My Friend Mike** ought to meet the requirements —Ed.

been some masters of invective who could turn the air blue, but this old Belgian was the only man I ever saw or heard tell of that could give a cerise tint to the circumambient ether. I always figured this feat was possible because the old gentleman knew all the expletives in three languages: English, French, and Flemish. Just as steelmakers can gauge their molten brew by its color, so could we judge the temperature and temper of our boss by the hue of the surrounding atmosphere. But Mike took it all in good part, answering with "Ja, ja, ja, ja," and his bright smile. And the storm would be over.

Mike learned. Soon he was as skilled as any on the crew, never wasting a motion as he tossed his bundles from stock to rack, from rack to separator. Soon he was tossing, not single sheaves, but whole stooks onto the wagon. Then he graduated from a standard three-tined pitchfork to a five-tined stable fork. So strong was he that he had to stop his rig thirty feet from the stooks; otherwise he could not help throwing them right over the rack. Finally he dispensed with the rig altogether, and simply tossed the stooks from wherever they were in the field right on to the separator feeder. His record throw was four hundred fifty yards, but that was with a favorable wind. On a calm day three hundred yards was all I ever saw him do. Of course, that was a whole stook, and forty-five bushel wheat into the bargain.

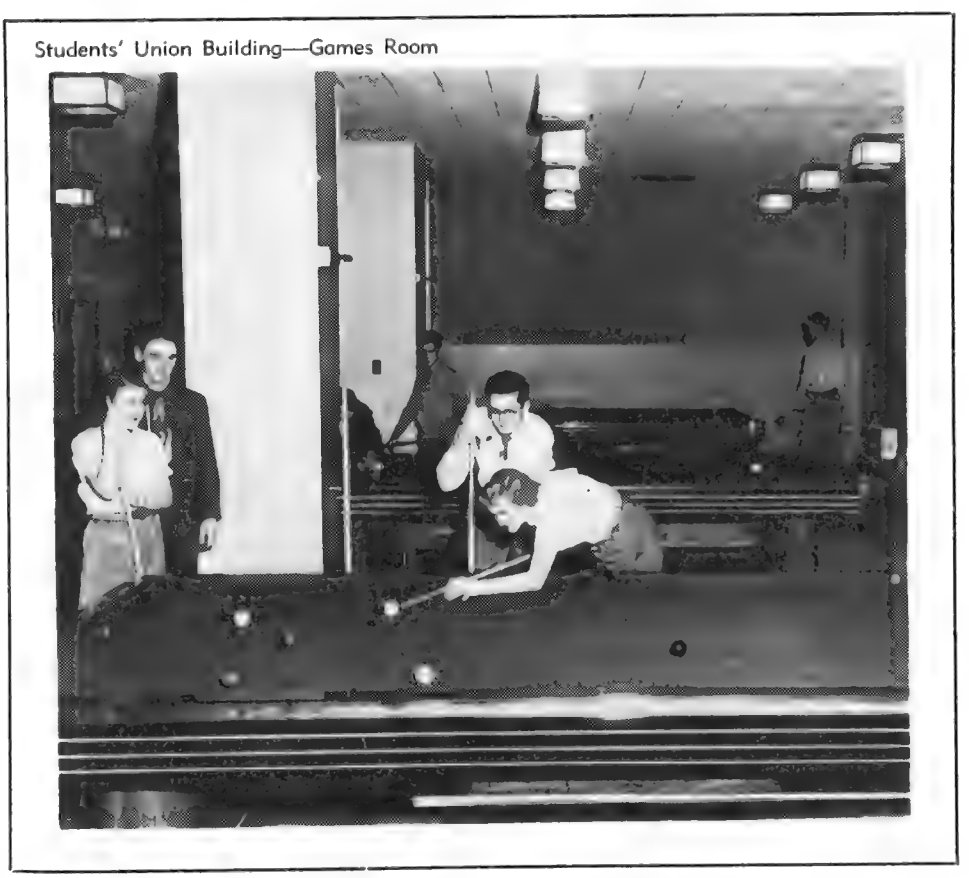
Soon Mike was handling one side of the separator by himself and the boss was able to "lay off" four teams and five pitchers. This decrease in personnel should have made the women-folk happy for, as is well known, harvesting in those days was a ceaseless round of cooking and baking: pies, meat, buns, potatoes, pies, cakes, "flap-jacks", pies, cookies, pickles, pies, biscuits, vegetables, and pies. Three heavy meals a day to prepare, differing only in the time of day at which they were served. Mid-morning and mid-afternoon lunches that would have made a five-course dinner at the Macdonald or the Palliser look like a bed-time snack. But the more Mike worked, the more he ate. Lunch used to be brought to the field about 3:30 p.m. in two cartons each large enough to hold a young piano. One carton was for Mike, the other for the rest of us.

Mike's olympian strength was useful in many ways. Anyone who has worked near a steam tractor will remember that it had to be fired up about two or three in the morning. Pressure mounted very slowly until enough head of steam had been built up to activate the automatic blower, after which the pressure increased rapidly. Our fireman found that he could get an extra hour or two of sleep by having Mike breathe gently through the bronchial tubes of the old boiler when it was being fired up. Such a draft was created that the pressure zoomed and the blower could function almost instantly.

Once our engine's mobile water supply ceased to function. With two hundred feet of garden hose water was siphoned from a nearby stream direct to the boiler. Mike's mighty lungs created the suction. Normally a siphon must have its outlet lower than its inlet. However, so effective was Mike's vacuum that it lifted the water thirty-nine feet and created such a flow that the siphon functioned for seven hours.

After threshing stopped for the night—or those three or four hours of it when the dew made the grain too tough to thresh—Mike used to unload the odd 120-bushel grain tank. He would back the wagon up against a bin, remove the tail-gate, and lift the front end. With his other hand he would practise the fine western art of cigarette-rolling.

I used to like that old steamer. For one thing, being old and infirm, it broke down often, thereby providing frequent opportunities for a smoke or a snooze. (We didn't get much opportunity for sleep at night as we weren't in bed long enough to get the blankets warm.) On the very last load of the season the old engine completely collapsed, three miles from the boss's home quarter. At my request, I was paid off then and there. And the last I ever saw of Mike he was trudging down the road pulling the separator and waving me good-bye.


Students' Union Building—Games Room

Robert Newton, President

By F. M. Salter

The job of university president is exceedingly complex and difficult. It is difficult both in itself and because society has never clearly defined what manner of man a president ought to be. Within living memory several completely different answers have been given to the problem.

There was the vogue of retired or eminent divines. These reflected a sound conviction that education is a moral business. But the Divine did not always prove equal to the involved business administration necessary to a little universe, and sometimes the right hand of divinity did not know what the left hand of necessity was up to. Necessity, indeed, had to be recognized, and society sought the Great Figure who could "stand for" the university before the public, overpower the resistance of legislatures, and win endowments for institutions chronically in need of money. His appointment was just as reasonable as the Divine's, but as the Great Figure usually came from outside, he might have a dim understanding of the intricate inter-relations of a cloister whose internal disaffections and heartburnings become public property with the speed of light. What next? Society gets down to diagnosis, and realizes that the Eminent Divine and the Great Figure, before they could become so, were both *old*—and is not the twentieth century the age of Youth! And the university is the domain of the Intellect. In comes the Precocious Brain. The highest I.Q.'s were diligently sought out and installed—and in some universities whole departments resigned in a body. Obviously, it takes more than brains to run a university. It takes administrative experience. We turn to the Proven Executive. He has managed a mail-order business or a railroad, he has been in the thick of it, the hurly burly of wages and prices and labour troubles, or he has taken an army through a bitter campaign. A handful of professors will be apple pie to him. Apple pie? Apple pie à la mode. But a man may get on well in realms where the profit motive operates or where death is another word for disobedience, and even for disagreement, and find himself at a loss among professors. He lacks the common speech and lives in a Tower of Babel; the solid ground he has hitherto trodden so firmly seems to evaporate, leaving him with his feet solidly planted on air. And society seeks his successor. The most recent fashion finds that successor among the staff of the university itself—and so the wheel comes full circle and we get back to something like that ideal of the Middle Ages that a president should *preside* and not boss or command, that he should be simply, *primus inter pares,* the First among Equals.

I have not here been speaking of specific men or universities, least of all of Alberta, but simply of fashions in presidents as they have appeared in Canada, the United States, and even Britain in the last fifty years. It is against the background of the difficulty of the job and the failure of society to understand what it demands that we must assess the achievements of Robert Newton.

What is the ideal president? One's conception of the ideal depends upon one's conception of the university itself. Well, the university on this continent, for

good or ill, is the classroom. We cannot talk of it, as Dr. Newton himself has done, as "an association of scholars." Our students are *not* scholars, and they are a large part of the university—indeed, almost the only part that society recognizes. They are not scholars, but pupils: they must be *taught*. Research is an abiding inspiration of good teaching, and therefore important; but the university does not exist for research. It exists to teach, and if a good teacher can be created by John Barleycorn or any other agency, he still has a place in the university though he do no research work whatever. Research may also have an economic value, but the university does not exist to develop the resources of the state: it exists to teach, to train, to educate. Research may broaden the empire of Truth, but the university exists to teach what is already known. Let me not be misunderstood: I am speaking of what an ideal university might be; but of what actual universities are. And it is what they are that induces legislatures to spend money on them. Legislators are for the most part good, douce, common-sensible men, but I cannot see them contributing to the support of "an association of scholars." And, as a matter of fact, they don't. But they do pay for the training of lawyers, engineers, teachers, and doctors. To keep us happy they may throw in a few frills; but for the most part they are spending money for sensible, practical, visible ends.

It will be evident that a president has two separate and equally important duties. He must take care of the classroom teacher, and he must gain the confidence of the Legislature. An ideal president will serve the classroom teacher, keep him happy in his working place, satisfy his needs, and provide ideal conditions to maintain the effectiveness of his work. The classroom teacher, after all, is the front line soldier; and the whole organization must contribute to his success. But the classroom teacher is a curious, complex, bewildering animal unintelligible to the outer world. He must be explained and interpreted to the public, only too often he must be defended, and the value of his work must be constantly underlined; and the ideal president will not only see to it that all is well in the classroom, but he will convince the public that this truth is true. In short, as in a little country, the president must take thought to Affairs both Foreign and Domestic.

Both for the sake of public confidence and to keep the classroom effective, the president must keep the student body in hand. They can easily become fractious and unruly; they can damage property both inside the university and outside; and, being young, they can be mis-led by their own demagogues or by predatory interests into the pursuit of silly, chimerical, or unworthy ends. But the fact is that they are in the university to be trained and educated, and not for nonsense. And if they don't know that this is true, the public does—and the public pays the shot.

On Foreign Affairs we can give Dr. Newton an A grade at once. During his regime the University budget has increased enormously as it could not possibly have done had confidence in the institution relaxed. His budgets may have been trimmed a little, remarkably little, from time to time, but it is asking too much of human nature not to expect legislators to lop off a little here and there from someone else's expense account. Moreover, the Province has given him a huge

building fund and already provided several costly buildings. He has greatly added to private endowment, always the most difficult of achievements in a state university. And he has added to the prestige of the University by his service on many outside committees. For one little matter he has never received among us the recognition he ought to have received: when Cambridge University wished to honor a scientist from the Dominions, it was our Robert Newton, out of a large group of eminent men assembled from the ends of the earth, who was singled out for the D.Sc. There would have been banners and snake-dances and all manner of publicity in most universities to celebrate such an occasion, but all I can remember about it here was a three-line announcement in the *Edmonton Journal.* Just here another forgotten fact may be added: he is one of three men in the entire history of the University of Alberta to have earned the Doctorate here. With the honorary degree conferred at the last Convocation, he is the only man on whom this University has conferred two Doctorates. The latest honor he well deserves, for if it be the job of a president to enhance the prestige of the university he serves, Dr. Newton has done it.

In his dealings with students he has been equally successful. Our graduates tend to look with contempt upon the laxness of other campuses, and they value their degrees. None of our graduates is at all likely to wish that he had gone to another university—and that is the test that matters. The President has consistently encouraged them to work, to seek genuine values, and to make intelligent use of the opportunities provided for them. He has fostered democracy and self-government on the campus—and it is a noteworthy fact that student leaders have always thought well of him. There have, of course, been some unfortunate incidents, but these were incidents and not the regular thing, and we have come through an extremely difficult period of the war and the bulge with amazingly few troubles.

In internal affairs, indeed, the University has passed through, during the time of Dr. Newton, its most difficult period. It is not merely that we have increased greatly in size, but that this increase implied a fundamental change or metamorphosis. We were a small college; now we are a university; and there is as much difference between the one and the other as between an egg and a duck. The business organization that will serve a college cannot merely be enlarged to serve a university; it needs to be transformed or new created. Many persons have been aware of the increase in staff in the Bursar's and Registrar's offices, in the Library, and in the University generally; few have realized the complete overhaul and renovation that has marked these years. Let it be remembered also that a growing institution may outgrow its men. Men who were excellent in their duties in a small, intimate university might well become perplexed, frustrated, or disaffected, might even become dead wood, in a large one. But, with all its inherent difficulties, this transformation has been smoothly and efficiently achieved.

One of the first things done under Dr. Newton was the disentangling of the salary situation. With us now, as with comparatively few universities, the rank and the pay go together. There is now no secrecy about it, and we are not at the mercy of our individual bargaining skill against an opponent who holds all the

cards. We do not have associate professors with the salaries of instructors, nor instructors with the salaries of professors, nor do we have the private bitterness and heart-burning that go with that condition. Indeed, it could be maintained that Alberta now has, not the highest salaries in Canada, but the most intelligent and satisfactory system of rewards for service—and this happy result is largely the work of Dr. Newton. It is true that the Faculty Relations Committee has negotiated these matters year by year with the President and the Board of Governors, but the Committee itself was one of those agencies which he has transformed, or permitted to transform itself, into an efficient and effective instrument. Many another president would have stopped that Committee dead in its tracks, or gutted it, but Dr. Netwon fostered it. And, just as student leaders have respected the President, so the persons who have represented the staff before him year by year are precisely those persons in the University who think of him most highly. Few administrators could stand this test.

Once on a visit to another university, one of my colleagues remarked, "Elsewhere men are loyal to the president, but Albertans are loyal to the institution." It was a very penetrating and true remark—and the man is a child who would prefer one of these other places. For if an employee can be loyal to the university, there cannot be much wrong with it; but if he is loyal only to the president, there is plain evidence that the president has been able to shift the blame or that he is using the office for personal aggrandizement. The remark also implies that at Alberta the classroom teacher is happy in his working place—as he could not be if the President were not doing his job well. And it is a fact that few of our instructors have sought or accepted jobs elsewhere in the last ten years. Of these, some have later wished they hadn't.

It is to be remembered also that university professors are not easy to deal with. The best teachers are likely to be of nervous temperament, trigger-edged, emotional. The president has to deal with every kind of human eccentric and put up with every kind of attitude toward things which he may consider important. A man with his head full of atoms or the complexities of life under the Caesar's may be dead to the world of deadlines or blandly contemptuous of administrative red tape. Yet the Provincial Cabinet meets on a fixed date, and the University estimates must be ready. Heads of Departments have been known to toss unopened into the waste-basket important communications from the president's office (though I do not know of any such incident in our University in Dr. Newton's time); and a Department Head can grumble for years that his instructors are not promoted, only to admit when the matter comes to a crisis that he has not recommended them on the forms annually provided for the purpose. With all these difficult persons the president must deal; and however naive or cross-grained or forgetful or excitable he may find them, he must remember that in the classroom they speak as men having authority, yea, with the tongues of men and angels. He must remember that *they*, and not he, *are the university.*

How, then, has Dr. Newton met the challenge of this impossible job? He has met it first of all, I believe, by careful self-preparation and self-discipline—and prayer-fully. He groomed himself for the job by long and careful forethought.

He tried to learn by industrious reading and study what a university is and what it ought to be, what a president ought to be and do, and he questioned his own abilities and short-comings. It is significant that almost the first undertaking of his administration was the University Survey which investigated the needs of the University well into the future, and which made recommendations to the Government. The Survey showed the conscious, practical approach of a practical man.

In that self-interrogation of his, he must have said, "I am a scientist," and considered the obvious perils. One would expect a president after such a career as his to lean to the scientific idea; but the fact is that nobody in our history has done more to advance the cultural health of the University. It was he who started the Department of Fine Arts, and it was he (and Mrs. Newton) who gave us our first important collection of paintings. In this respect, Mrs. Newton who is herself skilled in several arts must have provided a fine inspiration. Nor can anyone accuse him of going too far in this direction: he has given us an equable, balanced and just administration which has catered to *all* of the needs of the University—as can readily be seen when we set alongside of Fine Arts the forward strides of Dentistry, Pharmacy, Education, and Engineering.

He must have realized also that the Presidency was a lonely job, and that there would be hard things to do. He has done the hard things, has never shrunk from them, and has never complained. He has had no intimates, and coddled no favorites. Nor has he ever encouraged or wanted "yes-men"; he wanted honest opinions, and nobody under him has ever suffered for speaking his mind, even though with bad grace and ill temper. The fact is an index to the man.

He knew, indeed, that he was not a back-slapper, full of bonhomie and geniality. Very wisely, he did not try to be anything but what he was, a little cold, certainly, and not much gifted in the smoking room or tavern, but honest, conscientious, and just. Some persons would prefer the smoking-room type of president. They would prefer the man who can hoist his feet to the presidential desk, throw a pack of cigarettes to his visitor, and start an important conference with some such airy remark as, "How's tricks?" But people with such preference may not have counted the cost: our President has been a worker.

How he *has* worked! These terrific forward strides of the University, this roof to cellar overhaul, these little things do not come of themselves. Some conscious mind is behind it all; some person somewhere is responsible. Every editor of any University publication knows that there is one reader who catches every misprint, who never misses a comma or an error in fact, who has time to spend on every article, even on the advertisements, and whose encouragement and appreciation never flag nor fail. Other persons who have had to do with the President have been equally amazed at his labor and his conscience. He might be called the real architect of the Rutherford Library, for every detail of the plans has been through his minute and conscientious study time and time again. So everywhere: he took the whole University for his province, and he mastered every page and every footnote in that huge and complex volume. Many and many a president would have to be informed or "briefed" by confidential aides before conferences; but

the entire University in all its multifarious detail was familiar to this tremendous and most conscientious worker.

Moreover, he has been modest. The very manner of his retirement is symbolic, for he retired at the end of the year when it was impossible for people to make a fuss over him. Other men would use the presidency as a sounding board by means of which to broadcast their personal greatness. Not Robert Newton. He has been content to dispense with personal acclaim, with personal popularity, and to get on with the job. And he has worked to good purpose: on the foundations he has laid, it will be possible for future presidents to build sanely.

I think he has had this historical sense, that he felt himself a little part in the great onward mark of the University. He was not merely holding office, but correcting the mistakes of the past and laying foundations for the future. And he knew that whatever any individual may say now or in time to time, influenced as we all are by whims and caprices and petty considerations, the work of his hands would remain, and to the discerning eye be visible, in the fabric of the University he loved.

He has made mistakes, and he has not been without faults. As a young President he was somewhat dictatorial, impatient of old regulations, rather ruthless, and even contemptuous of the views of others. But his natural modesty very quickly re-asserted itself; and there is an ancient precept which, I believe, he followed: "Let him that is greatest among you, be your servant." As time passed, he became much less the "boss" and more the co-ordinator of the work of other men. In this humility he became a real administrator and edged as close to greatness as any university president is likely to come.

And yet, it seems almost shocking to say so, to recognize this plain fact. For the greatness that the world recognizes usually arrives with flags flying and trumpets blowing, and not in this quiet, self-effacing style. Tinsel catches the eye more quickly than gold, and showmanship seems more appreciated nowadays than man-ship. Our President has been a plain man, and not a three-ring circus. He has worked hard. He has walked with simple, unaffected modesty in the light of conscience and in the eye of God. In the justice of his dealings with other men and in the fruitfulness of his work, he can challenge comparison with any university president Canada has known.

Physical Education

A FUNDAMENTAL OF HIGHER EDUCATION

By M. L. Van Vliet

It is indeed a pleasure to be asked here tonight to take part in, what is to me, another milestone in the progress of physical education in the Province of Alberta. It is quite difficult to fly without wings; there is very little satisfaction in trying to learn to swim without water, and so it is with a physical education program without facilities.

It is my sincere hope that this building, the Dr. G. D. Stanley Gymnasium, will be used each day from early morning until late at night as a centre for wholesome and worth-while recreation and that it will house a program which will be one of the chief educational agencies of this College. I am sure that such will be the case.

When I say one of the chief educational agencies some people are apt to raise their eyebrows and say, "He surely must mean the education of muscles." May I point out that that is exactly what I do *not* mean. Let us ask the question, "Why do we have physical education in our schools?" and, in turn, "What is physical education?" One might use the trite and overworked statement that it is education through the physical and not education of the physical. Let us analyze this further and see whether or not physical education is worthy of the use of the word education. One way to make a critical analysis of this claim might be to ask ourselves what are the objectives of any and all education. In our province the Department of Education, including all the teachers under its supervision, has agreed on four fundamental objectives of secondary education. These objectives have equal application at the college level in perhaps a more specialized way, and are listed as:

1. Personal development
2. Growth in family living
3. Growth toward competence in citizenship
4. Occupational preparation.

The first objective is personal development. We all know that physical education is interested in physical development, but, much beyond this, it is interested in the use of this development. It is interested in function, not mass—in the use of the biceps, not its size. Are the muscles gainfully employed in assisting the individual to be more efficient in his daily living and his contributions to society? Perhaps we might agree that the spirit of fair play, respect for others, poise, grace, co-ordination, carriage, physique and energy would be worthy phases of personal development, and I hope we would all agree that physical education,

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properly taught, can provide improvement and competence in such requisites to success and happiness.

The second objective is growth in family living. I think I might best suggest physical education's potential value in the attainment of this objective by asking a series of questions. Does father know that, according to physiologists, Tommy, age ten, needs from *two* to *six* hours of big muscle activity each day? Does mother know anything about father's sweeping technique on the ice? Do the parents know what activities are recommended for the various age levels, and therefore try to provide adequate opportunities? Does the family enjoy and take part in recreation as a group? Do any of the children ever get invitations to those fishing trips? Are the parents "parent educators" or just "bread winner" and "housewife"? It is a funny thing with children; the first thing you know they are in college and the next thing you know they have married and become parents. I do not intend to describe all the things that every high school and college graduate should know in order to be truly physically educated, and incidentally, ready to deal with the educational aspects of family life. It should be said, however, that whether the problem concerns the individual, family or all of society, nearly all adults in the world today control and affect the lives of children, and most of us do this in a family group. If we feel that we should be trained for our job then we should know the physical needs of the child and know how his physical experiences affect his life. We should remember what Rousseau had to say concerning this matter at a time when it took real courage to put forward any opinions about physical activity. He stated, "If you would cultivate the intelligence of your child, cultivate the power that it is to govern. Give his body continual exercise; make him robust and sound in order to make him wise and reasonable; let him work and move about and run and shout and be continually in motion; let him be a man in vigor and he will soon be such by force of reason." The fact remains that family living without physical education is impossible, particularly when we think of parents' responsibilities and then realize that some physiologist suggested that during the first ten years the development of the spinal column is perhaps more important than the development of the brain.

The third objective, growth toward competence in citizenship, no doubt, means something different to each of us. At the college level it has certain very definite implications. It would seem to me that one should take for granted that the college graduate is going to be competent in his chosen profession, but is he going to become a leader in community affairs? Does he know enough about community problems to take this leadership? Has he learned some recreational activities with which he can contribute to needs of the community? Is he self-centred or does he act as a scoutmaster or "chair" the committee that is raising money for a new swimming pool? Does he know that some children in the community have lost their lives because they could not swim, and does he know what to do about it, and does he do it? Is he aware of community problems generally? Has he high moral ideals? The question is raised, "Can these things be learned through physical education?" They can and they are. In fact, aside from all the incidental learning which takes place in a physical education program, every

activity learned makes the learner more aware of the usefulness and pleasure attached to such participation. If he has played badminton or been on skis in school, he is quick to be active in such community clubs. Physiologists will even suggest that most thought involves change of muscle tension, and G. Stanley Hall says, "Character might be in a sense defined as a plexus of motor habits." This is not a claim that physical education is the answer to all problems, but suggests that good citizens must know something about their own physical needs and those of other individuals and of the community as a whole.

Lastly comes the matter of occupational preparation. Here, aside from proper body mechanics and good health habits, the influence is indirect. However, it is through this indirect influence that physical education perhaps makes its greatest offering. Through such activities as golf, skiing, curling, badminton, swimming, tennis and lawn bowling one is able to remain in harmony with the world, face the problems of the day with an optimistic view and maintain energy and drive in occupational affairs. More directly concerning our college students one might well bear in mind the words of Herbert Spencer, "Those who, in eagerness to cultivate their pupils' minds, are reckless of their bodies, do not remember that success in the world depends much more upon energy than upon information; that a policy which in cramming with information undermines energy, is self-defeating."

If we are to take these educational objectives seriously, if we are going to acknowledge them as intelligent and satisfactory goals, then I say that physical education is not only fundamental to higher education, but is perhaps the most important of all fundamentals.

It is usually agreed that our colleges and universities are attempting to improve the culture of the race and a good many people cannot admit that anything but certain of the fine arts and the so-called pure academic subjects can make valuable contributions to this end. Many of these same people fail to realize that culture is (and I quote the Concise Oxford Dictionary) "improvement by mental or physical development." In my opinion a truly cultured Western Canadian would possess a knowledge and appreciation of our great natural beauties, would have hiked in our mountains, fished in our streams, canoed in our lakes and ridden horses on our trails. In fact, I would rather that our potential cultured students should have these experiences than be able to do forty push-ups or carry on any type of callisthenic drill or gymnastic system ever invented. The job of a physical educator in our schools is not to build muscles or to teach basketball, but to educate individuals with the same aims, high ideals and objectives as any other phase of education. This new gymnasium should and will become a laboratory for social development that will make the students leaving this institution better citizens. It will sharpen their powers of discrimination; it can help lay the foundation for healthful living; it can develop a broad interest in sports; it will help to develop a fine physique while assisting with effective measures for getting the most from each physical machine; it will provide opportunities for improving emotional control; it will assist the individual to a better understanding and appreciation of his neighbour; it will foster sensible and searching attitudes towards community

recreation and will result in a warmth of feeling toward this college that will be carried throughout life by all of its students.

I sincerely hope that the time has come when all people will see physical education not as a "cult of muscle" or a "grind of exercise," but as a prime and indispensable fundamental of education which can contribute to every aspect of the welfare of the individual and society. In closing, I should like to remind you in the words of L. P. Jacks that, "A master in the art of living draws no sharp distinction between his work and his play, his labour and his leisure, his mind and his body, his education and recreation. He hardly knows which is which. He simply pursues his vision of excellence through whatever he is doing and leaves others to determine whether he is working or playing. To himself he always seems to be doing both. Enough for him that he does it well."

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Students' Union Building—A Corner of the Men's Lounge

Chaucer's CLERK OF OXENFORD —G. H. Glyde

R. K. Gordon

R. K. Gordon came to the University of Alberta in 1913 and remained until 1950. His home from first to last, with the large hospitality and grace of Mrs. Gordon, has seen hundreds of visitors, and he has known personally everybody who has made any significant contribution to the life and growth and success of the University. His memoirs, if he could be induced to write them, would provide a fascinating story.

They would, that is, if he would write as he talks. No man has ever been a more delightful companion. None has had that gift of understatement, of oblique reference, of ironic gravity, and of pure wit in such rippling abundance as he. He can toss off verses of charming pithiness and point, and he can savor a story in the telling so that what one remembers is not the mere story, as with other men, but the story plus Gordon—which is altogether another thing. With some men, also, the rest of us, ordinary plodding duffers, feel at a loss, inferior, aware of our own shortcomings, our inability to find these bright, casual gems of speech; but no one ever felt ill at ease with Dr. Gordon. Somehow we all become part of the fun; we even think more highly of ourselves because we have given him a chance to talk! But all this charm is released among his private friends. In public and in books he shrinks from self-revelation.

Books there have been, and none of them inconsiderable: *The Life of John Galt, Anglo-Saxon Poetry, The Story of Troilus,* and (with E. K. Broadus) *English Prose from Bacon to Hardy.* In addition, he has given in many articles some expression to his enthusiasm for Hazlitt, Sir Walter Scott, and others. An enthusiasm which I wish he would express, now that he may have leisure for it, is that for ancient Norse sagas. In them he finds, in a very special, peculiar sense, his spiritual home; but one might know him for years and never hear of this passion, so reticent he is, so diffident, so little disposed to proclaim himself.

His diffidence, a sort of boyish shyness, will have made him seem stern and severe to some students over the years; but most of them have been enriched by knowing him. The most modest of men, he would probably be amazed at the wealth he has bestowed upon others and the depth of his influence. For he has never realized how quickly the brighter lads get on to him or how they enjoy that little stream of dry wit, half-submerged but sparkling ever and anon to the surface, that weaves its way through his lectures. And even the dull ones, after a little, come to realize that they have to do, not with some cheap, coarse comedian constantly appealing to the gallery, but with a man whose teaching they will still savor long and long afterward.

In the early days of the University, when it was small and intimate, his sense of fun was in great demand. He was the *pièce de resistance* at every meeting of the men's Faculty Club—and sometimes, especially when he and Killam (a bonny lad who taught mathematics, and who was the essence of deviltry) were up to their antics, they kept the whole table at a roar.

Severe he always was—the students were right in that estimate. And a good thing too. Without such men as he, our graduates would not value their

degrees. Thirty-seven years of his high, uncompromising standards have helped to make the University of Alberta what it is. No student has ever received a First or a Second or even a Third from Dr. Gordon without knowing that he had earned it, without pride in a merited accolade.

But they also knew that he was kindness itself, and honesty, and sincerity. Last year one of my better students lamented that something had made it impossible for him to hear Dr. Gordon read Wordsworth's "Michael" on the radio. " 'Michael' and Dr. Gordon," he said, "were *made for* each other!" I repeated the remark to him, and I think it pleased him. For what it implied was a recognition of the deep simplicity and sincerity of the man who read.

But there were other authors in English Literature for whom he was made, and who were made for him. One was Shakespeare, another Housman, but his deepest loyalties were given to Scott and Burns and Chaucer. A man's taste, after all, is an index to his character. There cannot be much wrong with a man who loves, and with a deep, abiding love, such manly men as these. To hear him read, as my student knew—and a fine judge of reading this lad is—was an experience, especially when the matter in hand was some old tale or ballad, the poems of Housman, or "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner."

Actions, it is said, speak louder than words—and the Department of English, desperately afraid of offending his modesty, found yet upon his retirement a happy thing to do. They called upon the fine talent of Mr. Glyde and presented to Dr. Gordon a painting of Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford. There the Clerk stands in his clerical robes with his horse behind him "as lene as is a rake"—but the figure, the position, the hands, and the features of the Clerk suggest those of Dr. Gordon himself! For of no man could it be more truly said, that

"Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

F. M. SALTER.

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Overlanders of '42

J. G. MacGregor

The history of the fur trade has got into my blood. The deeds of such men as the McLeods of Dunvegan, Dr. McLoughlin of Oregon, and John Rowand of Edmonton thrill me. The "Emigrants" of '41, the Overlanders of '62, the path-finders and railroad builders all cast a spell over me. More fascinating than all the others, though, is John Rowand. Lord of a Western Empire he was. For thirty years he ruled the western prairies from his Big House at Edmonton. Even in death he was outstanding. His bones were sealed in a rum keg at Fort Pitt and shipped via London, England, for interment in Montreal. Great was John Rowand.

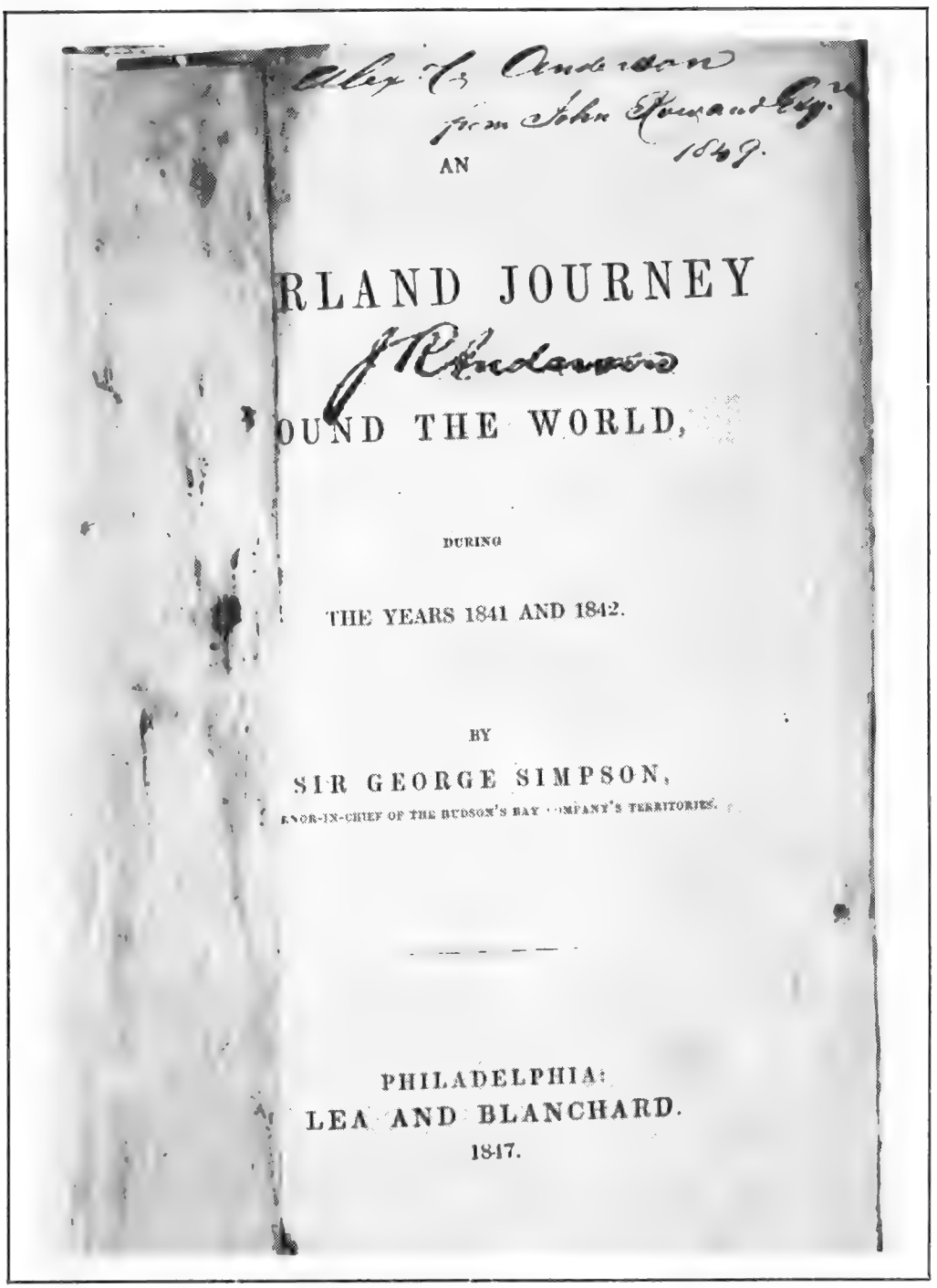
It is not too difficult to obtain information on the daily lives of such men as Rowand, but it is not altogether easy. A study of their exploits involves haunting libraries and second-hand book stores. The effort, however, is always rewarding. Now and then, as, for instance, some weeks ago, one turns up a gem. I went into the Haunted Bookshop in Victoria in search of more material on the fur trade. One of the first books I came upon was Simpson's "An Overland Journey Around the World During the Years 1841 and 1842." I wanted the book for its contents with no thought of any value it might have in the eyes of a collector. I wanted it because it contained the story of an interesting trip from Fort Garry (Winnipeg) to Fort Vancouver (across the river from Portland, Oregon). I wanted it because of what it would tell me of the fur trade, of Fort Carlton, of Fort Edmonton, and of George Simpson and John Rowand.

I bought it, as well as some other books, and packed them away in my bag to peruse as soon as I got home to Edmonton. It was the first one I settled down to read on my return and its contents fulfilled my hopes. Almost immediately I was travelling over the plains of Manitoba and Saskatchewan with John Rowand. To use Simpson's words when writing of leaving Fort Garry, "I was happy to obtain for the whole way to Fort Vancouver, the escort of Mr. Rowand, who, having been in charge of the Saskatchewan for many years, had great influence among the tribes of the Prairies."

There also were the "Emigrants" of '41, twenty-three families of them, on their way to cross the mountains at Banff, bound for Oregon. There was Peechee the guide, and the Rev. Mr. Rundle, both of whom are commemorated by mountains at Banff. There too was Bungo the negro.

Tiring of reading the fine print, I sat back and examined for the first time the title page which is reproduced here. "Printed in Philadelphia in 1847," it said. The first owner's signature was on it too—"Alex. C. Anderson." This would be the Anderson of Fort Vancouver, and later of Fort Colville, who eventually rose to

We are proud to present to our readers another article by James G MacGregor, B A. '26, B Sc (E) '29. When **Overlanders of '42** came to our desk a few weeks ago we remarked to ourself that the conclusion scarcely sounded like something a confirmed bachelor would say Since then we have learned that on September 23, 1950, Miss Frances Hacker became Mrs J. G. MacGregor. Congratulations!—Ed.



Alex. C. Anderson
from John Howard Esq.
1849.

AN

RLAND JOURNEY

J. C. Anderson

OUND THE WORLD,

DURING

THE YEARS 1841 AND 1842.

BY

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON,

NOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORIES.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1847.

prominence in the Colony, and later the Province of British Columbia. This was the Anderson who visited Rowand at Edmonton in the fall of 1835.

And then I saw it. Under the signature in a fine hand, and in ink dry these hundred years were the magic words, "from John Rowand Esquire 1849."

From John Rowand, Esquire! I like to think of him as he read and re-read the book. I like to think of him as he wrapped it carefully and sent it off to his friend Anderson in Oregon. The book had more than the usual meaning for Rowand. It had been written by his dear friend Sir George Simpson. Some three hundred pages of it dealt with experiences shared by him and Simpson. These pages recorded the part of Simpson's journey upon which he was accompanied by Rowand from Fort Garry, which they left in July, 1841, to their parting on the Sandwich Islands in March, 1842. From there Rowand had returned to Edmonton, while Simpson continued to Russia and thence around the world. Much of it was devoted to Rowand's experiences on the Canadian Prairies. Few pleasures equal that of seeing one's name in print. If that print be a book, and therefore permanent, the pleasure is increased. Rowand must have read the book many times.

Rowand would know that Sir George Simpson planned to publish a book on his trip around the world and must have looked forward to seeing it. In those days mail was received at Edmonton as often as three or even four times a year. Rowand must have expected each mail to bring him a copy of the book. The years went by, however, and even the fall brigade of 1846 did not bring it. The next spring Rowand was due for a furlough, and he went east for the winter of 1847-8. Sir George undoubtedly had copies of the book before Rowand returned to Edmonton, and we can be certain that he gave John an autographed copy with many assurances of his regard and respect. We can also imagine Rowand before he left the East buying other copies to pass on to his friends. These books he would bring back to Edmonton in the fall of 1848.

So the copy lying before me came to Edmonton 102 years ago. It was all new and shiny then, with its ornate cover. To the Big House it came—the famous old Big House built by John Rowand some twenty years before—the house with real glass for windows—Rowand's Folly—the Big House that lasted into modern times and became a golf clubhouse. Finally the house was burned down, and on its site now stands the Alberta Parliament Building. In the Big House, which was only four city blocks from where I write, Rowand wrapped it carefully, sealed it against water, and sent it off in late September with the Columbia brigade of 1849.

Across to Fort Assiniboine it went, seventy miles by pack train. Thence up the Athabasca by boat it passed, hurrying to get into and over the mountains before the storms of winter froze the rivers and snowed-in the passes. It left Jasper by pack train, turned up the Whirlpool River, and crossed the summit of the pass at the famous Committee's Punch Bowl. It continued down to Boat Encampment, at what is known today as the Big Bend of the Columbia. The last lap of its journey was down the Columbia by canoe to be delivered at last to A. C. Anderson. He was at Fort Colville, which was some miles upstream from the immense modern Grand Coulee Dam. By horse and canoe, upstream and down, it would have taken thirty days of arduous travel to get that far.

A year or so later Anderson would take it with him to Fort Vancouver (Oregon) and later still to Fort Victoria. It is doubtful if it travelled much after that. The trip from Edmonton to its ultimate destination in Victoria had meant a journey of nearly two months' travelling time. This travelling, too, was by the crack express service of the great Hudson's Bay Company. One hundred years later it was whisked back to Edmonton in the writer's bag in one of T.C.A's modern North Stars—travelling time, not three weeks, nor three days, but three hours.

Before me lies the old book—not new and shiny any more—the pages faded and with many brown stains. Could these stains be rum spilled long ago? I like to think they are. My other books are new. They are trader's diaries recently published. But this one does not only tell of traders. It was with them. It was part of the trade. It belongs. Here it is back in Edmonton—back after an absence of one hundred years. Some summer evening I think I shall carry it four blocks to the site of Fort Edmonton, and take it to the old river landing at the foot of the fort. Maybe as the dusk gathers we shall see again the returning brigade sweeping around the bend, the gaily clad voyageurs singing in their final spurt to be the first canoe to touch the beach. Who knows?

I bought the book for its contents, particularly that part dealing with Rowand's trip from Fort Garry to Fort Vancouver. This was a most interesting trip. Let us look at Simpson's description of one of the first treks across the prairie in wheeled vehicles, in Red River carts.

The party, consisting of Simpson, Rowand and about eight others, started from Fort Garry at 5 a.m., July 3rd, 1841. They had about thirty horses and one light cart. The heavier carts had been sent ahead some days before. It was planned to overtake them in two or three days. It was also planned that changes of horses would be available at the Hudson's Bay Company's main posts at Forts Ellice, Carlton, Pitt and Edmonton.

Simpson prided himself in being a rapid traveller on his many trips across the West. Most of these trips had been made by canoe, and the speed of them shattered all records. He planned to establish a record on this journey too, and he succeeded, because he reached Edmonton in twenty-two days. A typical day's travel started about four in the morning. At seven or eight o'clock a halt was made for breakfast. This halt lasted two to three hours because no food was carried for the horses and it took them that long to graze. There was a similar halt for lunch and the party then went on until six or seven in the evening before camping. Forty or fifty miles were usually covered in one day's journey.

The cavalcade followed the usual route of that time. This route, with minor changes, continued to be used until 1883 when the C.P.R. reached Qu'Appelle. As the railroad reached out ever farther west, new trails were started from whatever was the current end of steel. The old route fell into disuse, except for local travelling, when the railroad reached Calgary.

The trail went straight west from Winnipeg to Portage La Prairie and thence to near Birtle, passing Shoal Lake and Salt Lake. A few miles west of Birtle, almost at the junction of the Qu'Appelle and the Assiniboine Rivers, was Fort Ellice. Salt Lake appears to have been correctly named, but let us tell it in Simpson's words:

"About eight in the morning we came to a large lake, where we were prevented from attempting to breakfast, by the experience of Mr. Rowand. While coming to meet me at Red River in the spring, that gentleman, attracted by the beauty of the situation, had encamped for the night with his kettle bubbling and steaming all comfortably about him, when, lo and behold, the first sip of the welcome beverage revealed the horrible truth, that the lovely lake was no better than it should be, being filled with salt water."

The party crossed the Qu'Appelle River on the evening of the fifth day out from Fort Garry. They breakfasted the following morning near Spy Hill, known at that time as Carcajou Hill. Simpson relates an interesting story of one of the numerous battles between the Assiniboines and the Crees which had its denouement on this hill. The Assiniboines attacked a small party of Crees near it and killed many of them. Among the Assiniboines was the former wife of Carcajou, one of the Crees. During the battle she kept "rushing into the heat of the fight, directing every effort against the life of her first lover." Carcajou was wounded but escaped and took refuge that night in a hole on top of Spy Hill. His former wife pursued him and, when he fell asleep, shot him, later presenting his scalp to her Assiniboine husband. Simpson cannot quite understand such conduct, and being a bit of a cynic, and possibly feeling his age, he wonders "whether it was that her new friend was younger than her old one."

On they went south of Melville, between the Beaver and the Touchwood Hills, over a spur of the latter and along the shores of Quill Lakes for about twenty miles. Simpson, like all other travellers of those days, keeps referring to the beauty of Saskatchewan in July. In the same passage he also describes his cavalcade:

"On leaving the Dog Knoll, we traversed about twenty-five miles of prairie among several large and beautiful lakes. Our cavalcade now consisted in all of nineteen persons, fifty horses and six carts, the order of our march being as follows. The guide was followed by four or five horsemen to beat a track; then came the carts, each with a driver attended by one or two cavaliers; and lastly followed the unmounted animals, whether loaded or light, under the charge of the rest of our people. Our ordinary rate of travelling was four or five miles an hour for ten, twelve or fourteen hours a day,—the carts sometimes requiring a longer time to accomplish the day's march."

The men handling the carts who were forced to travel an extra hour or two every evening to catch up to Simpson must have cursed his Anglo-Saxon hurry.

Buffalo were still very plentiful. "For three or four days, the soil had been absolutely manured with the dung of the buffalo, so that myriads of these animals must recently have passed over the ground; and we hoped soon to meet a herd of them."

The travellers made splendid progress and kept on past Lanigan, Humboldt and Wakaw to the South Saskatchewan River, which they crossed at Batoche. This, of course, was many years before there was any settlement there. Simpson continues, "A smart ride of four or five hours from the Bow River, through a country very much resembling an English park, brought us to Fort Carlton." The party was travelling through some of the most beautiful country on the Prairies.

It was to find, too, that this extended for the next three hundred miles all the way to Edmonton.

Simpson and Rowand had made excellent time. They arrived at Carlton on the thirteenth day after they left Fort Garry. They remained at Carlton for two nights, obtained fresh horses and supplies there, and pushed on. The following day they made an error in judgment common to early travellers on the Saskatchewan prairies.

"Next day, the hottest we had yet had, we experienced a good deal of inconvenience from thirst. In the afternoon, after marching a considerable distance without seeing a drop of water, we reached a small lake; but as the hour was too early for encamping, we passed it, more particularly as its stagnant surface was by no means attractive; but we soon regretted our fastidiousness, for, when the evening began to darken, we had seen neither lake nor brook, though searching for the luxury on both sides of our track. Having sent some men ahead to look for water, we were at length delighted, about nine in the evening, to learn that they had discovered a large lake at some distance from our road. Huge fires were immediately lighted to serve as beacons to those who were behind; but it was not till eleven that the whole cavalcade reached the camp."

This large lake would be one of the lakes north of Battleford and east of Jackfish Lake.

Simpson comments again on the abundance of buffalo; " . . . . accordingly, it was not long before we saw our game on either side of the road, grazing or stalking about, in bands between twenty and a hundred, to the number of five thousand in all. . . . The buffaloes are incredibly numerous. In the year 1829, for instance, I saw as many as ten thousand of their putrid carcasses lying mired in a single ford of the Saskatchewan, and contaminating the air for many miles around."

The next morning, July 19, 1941, near Jackfish Lake the party overtook the "Emigrants." This was a band of hopefuls who had left Red River settlement on June 5th en route to Oregon, where they proposed to farm. It will be well to pause a moment to get this party into the proper perspective.

England and the United States were competing for the possession of the territory then called Oregon, but which is now divided into the two states of Washington and Oregon. England rightfully claimed all of the west coast between the limits set by the Russians in Alaska and the Mexicans in California, and based her claim upon the fact that the Hudson's Bay Company traders had occupied the country and traded in it for years. America, however, was casting longing eyes on it. In the fall of 1841 a few American families completed the long trek over the Oregon Trail. In 1842 one hundred and fourteen people reached Oregon by the same route. The rush of Americans to the coast was on, and increased in tempo year after year.

Simpson had tried to fill the country with Canadians, and these "Emigrants" were the result of his efforts. He had written Finlayson at Fort Garry on September 10th, 1840: "They are to take Farms on halves, houses will be erected for them, —Stock, such as Cattle, Sheep, Horses, &c., provided, likewise Agricultural Implements, without any advance being required for them:—in fact, the Company is willing to provide them with Capital, their proportion of the Capital being labour."

They set out from Red River in 1841, led by James Sinclair, and reached Oregon that fall. They proved a disappointment, as they were little help in holding the territory for Britain. Neither England nor Canada really cared what became of Oregon. Even if they had cared, it is doubtful if their united efforts could have prevailed against the "Manifest Destiny" sentiment sweeping over the vigorous young nation to the south of us.

Simpson's comments when he overtook the "Emigrants" near Battleford are full of interest.

"These emigrants consisted of agriculturists and others, principally natives of Red River Settlement. There were twenty-three families, the heads being generally young and active, though a few of them were advanced in life, more particularly one poor woman, upwards of seventy-five years of age, who was tottering after her son to his new home. . . . As a contrast to this superannuated daughter of the Saskatchewan, the band contained several very young travellers, who had, in fact, made their appearance in this world since the commencement of the journey. Beyond the inevitable detention which seldom exceeded a few hours, these interesting events had never interfered with the progress of the brigade; and both mother and child used to jog on, as if jogging on were the condition of human existence.

"Each family had two or three carts, together with bands of horses, cattle, and dogs. The men and lads travelled in the saddle, while the vehicles, which were covered with awnings against the sun and rain, carried the women and the young children. As they marched in single file, their cavalcade extended above a mile in length."

Simpson travelled with these people all of one morning and the united party breakfasted on the banks of Turtle River, near Edam, Saskatchewan. As Simpson puts it:

"While the hunting parties were eagerly pursuing their game, the rest of the cavalcade moved slowly forward till about noon, when we halted for breakfast at the Turtle River, the emigrants still being in company. In order to do honor to the day,—the first occasion, perhaps, on which two large bands of civilized men had met as friends on these vast prairies—I put the men in high spirits with a dram, while a donation of wine, tea and sugar rendered the women the merriest and happiest gossips in the world.

"Our breakfast was a complete specimen of a hunter's meal, consisting of enormous piles of roasted ribs, with marrow and tripe at discretion—the spoils of the morning's chase. About three in the afternoon, we took leave of our fellow travellers with mutual wishes for a prosperous journey."

Next day Rowand and Simpson reached Fort Pitt. They crossed the river there and took the shorter route on the south side as they expected to save a day in reaching Edmonton by taking this route. The second night out from Fort Pitt they camped close to the east end of the Vermilion Lakes near Myrnam. The third night found them near Wostok and they reached Edmonton on the fourth evening. Simpson's description of the Fort and the Big House is as follows:

"Edmonton is a well built place, something of a hexagon in form. It is surrounded by high pickets and bastions, which, with the battlemented gateways, the flagstaffs, &c., give it a good deal of a martial appearance; and it occupies a commanding situation, crowning an almost perpendicular part of the bank of about two hundred feet in height. . . .

"This fort, both inside and outside, is decorated with paintings and devices to suit the tastes of the savages that frequent it. Over the gateway are a most fanciful variety of vanes; but the hall, of which both the ceiling and the walls present the grandest colors and the most fantastic sculpture, absolutely rivets the astonished natives to the spot with wonder and admiration. The buildings are smeared with a red earth, found in the neighborhood, which, when mixed with oil, produces a durable brown."

Simpson, be it remembered, was ruler of all the West. This was so in fact, although it may not have been true in law. The Indians knew this. The missionaries who had but recently appeared in the country might talk to them of a Supreme Being or of the Great White Mother overseas, but to them Simpson was all powerful. On this occasion he was here in person, and they did not miss this opportunity to wait on him. Quoting Simpson again:

"These chiefs were Blackfeet, Piegans, Sarcees and Blood Indians, all dressed in their grandest clothes and decorated with scalp locks. I paid them a visit, giving each of them some tobacco. Instead of receiving their presents with the usual indifference of savages, they thanked me in rotation, and, taking my hand in theirs, made long prayers to me as a high and powerful conjuror. They implored me to grant, that their horses might be swift, that the buffalo might constantly abound, and that their wives might live long and look young."

These chiefs were clear headed. What greater good could Plains Indians want —or for that matter, their white brothers?

The party abandoned their carts at Edmonton and departed for Banff with pack horses under the direction of Peechee, a half-breed, who was friendly with the mountain Indians. On the second day they met the Rev. Mr. Rundle, Wesleyan missionary, who ministered to the Indians between Edmonton and Banff from 1839 to 1847. Their first camp was made at Pipestone Creek. On the second night they slept on the shores of Gull Lake, while the third day they crossed the Red Deer River and continued up one of its tributaries. They camped at the foot of the Devil's Nose the fifth night, and the sixth was spent on the shores of Lake Minnewanka. This lake was then named after Peechee. The name has since been changed, but Peechee is commemorated in a mountain rising from the shore of that lake.

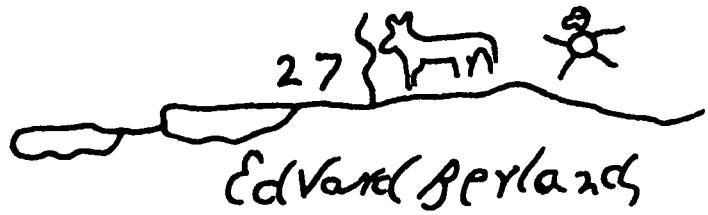
This was not the first time that Rowand had been in what is now the Banff park. He was second in command of a large party sent there in 1822 charged with the task of examining the country to see if it would warrant establishing a post there. Many natives in this area had never seen a white man before meeting this party. I like Simpson's way of telling some of the facts about this expedition:

"These unsophisticated savages, however, had their curiosity most strongly excited by a negro of the name of Pierre Bungo. This man they inspected in every

possible way, twisting him about and pulling his hair, which was so different from their own flowing locks; and at length they came to the conclusion that Pierre Bungo was the oddest specimen of a white man that they had ever seen. These negroes, of whom there were formerly several in the company's service, were universal favorites with the fair sex of the red race; and, at the present day, we saw many an Indian that appeared to have a dash of the gentleman in black about him."

Simpson's party went on through the pass now named after him to the Windermere country. Finally after being only twenty-one days on the road from Edmonton they reached Fort Colville which was some miles up the Columbia from the immense Grand Coulee Dam of modern times.

Near Banff they expected to meet a new guide by the name of Berland, and Peechee was to be allowed to return home. As it turned out they did not find Berland until they reached the Windermere Valley. Their first indication of him was the sign on a tree of which Simpson says: "On one of the trees, however, we found something that made us forget our toils, a hieroglyphic epistle, sketched thus with a piece of burnt wood:



We speedily interpreted this welcome letter to mean that Edward Berland was awaiting us with a band of twenty-seven horses at the point where our river received a tributary before expanding itself into two consecutive lakes."

Anyone familiar with that part of the country will recognize the meeting place as being north of the town of Windermere.

The travellers arrived at Fort Vancouver (Oregon) in due course, and Simpson says: "In less than an hour afterwards, we landed on the beach, having thus crossed the continent of North America at its widest part, by a route of about five thousand miles, in the space of twelve weeks of actual travelling."

Simpson might well be proud of the speed of his trip across the continent. He was, after all, the first man to complete an overland journey around the world. Our interest in the expedition lies in the fact that this was the first large cavalcade to traverse our prairie. Simpson was a careful and inquisitive observer as well as a graphic writer. We are fortunate that he recorded his observations of the trail across the prairie in the old red book.

What of the old red book? It occupies the chief place among my books. So long as I continue to inhabit the valley of the lovely Saskatchewan it will retain that place. Men pass away and conditions change. The beauty of the Saskatch-

ewan Valley alone remains unchanged. Of the three wishes the Indians of Fort Edmonton requested of Simpson, two have been unfulfilled. The buffalo are gone; horses are following them into the shades; but the women of the Saskatchewan Valley, thank God, "live long and look young."

I suppose, after all, we can get along without horses or buffalo, can't we?

Students' Union Building—The Wauneita Lounge

Memos of Highway to Alaska[1]

EMMA READ NEWTON

1.—*Preface*

Home is in Edmonton
For him and me;
He is a President
Soon to be free;
Serving the public
All our days through;
Now on a frolic,
Share this with you.

2.—*Night at High Prairie*

After white mares' tails
Awhirl on blue-grey,
Sunset of rose swales
At close-down of day.

Midnight in clear light,
The moon and bright Venus,
A north arc in sight,
The stars singing between us.

3.—*Fireswept*

Stark, sharp poles, once trees,
Shred the encircling sky,
Ghost symbols of a life gone by:
No leaves to tremble in the breeze.

Waifs of life's keenest aims
Streak the encircling years,
Blistered by needless fears,
Whitened by cold disdains.

Yet, as each naked pole
Year after year stands straight,
So does the blow of fate
Fail to disrupt my soul.

4.—*Alaska Highway, B.C.*

Beautiful mountains,
Valleys so wide,
Clouds floating over
The deep canyon side.

Hills wet with showers,
Some peaks snow-crowned,
Lacy wild waters
Leaping to ground.

Lake long and emerald,
Fiorded by peaks,
Road like a ribbon
Under the reeks.

Bridge lines in silver,
Graceful in air,
Arc the green river
'Neath banks O how fair.

5.—Albert Creek, Y.T.
(Mile 648)

Sprites of the mountain waters,
At leap-frog madly in glee,
With their mischievous crystalline
daughters
All dashing along to the sea.

Pushing first this way, then that way,
Careening over each stone,
While ripe August berries lean over
To hear the wild musical drone.

6.—*The Partridge*

I'm a wild mountain partridge,
You may come close to see;
I have not heard of cartridge,
There is no fear in me.

When you really can see me
As I now look on you,
Then I wager quite freely
You'll be unruffled, too.

7.—*Marsh Lake, Y.T.*

Talking, whispering, urgent wave,
As you lap at my cabin door,

[1]These thirty-three poems were written while en route by motor car, Edmonton to Fairbanks and return, August 1 to 14, 1950.

You hint more than I may dare to crave,
As you speak of the nevermore.
All shimmering gold from the shining light
Over peaks of the far-away shore,
Your sunset message brings peace for this night
From the heart of the evermore.

8.—*Fireweed*

Electric and elect of hue,
The pink magenta fireweed
Travels the highway through,—
A gracious, lovely deed.

Mile upon mile it grows,
Unrolling borders bright
Where'er the stranger goes,
His spirit to delight.

'Twas impulse all divine,
A joyous lilt of heart,
That did conceive so fair a flower
For such a lowly part.

9.—*Kluane Lake, Y.T.*

Mysterious oceans of shifting skies,
Some bright with sunshine,
Some dark with rain,
Sweeping uplifted or
Falling in showers,
Ever pulling and folding,
And rolling and flowing.

Ranges of mountains, majestic and noble,
Ear-marked with snow
On their summits eternal;
Ledges of rock, green, grey,
Cream, blue, and cinnabar;
Air cold and bracing
And freighted with ozone.

Long miles of emerald
Walled in by mountains,
White-capped gay wavelets
Hemmed in by the roadway,
Frisking and swishing
And breaking rebellious
On pebbles and sand,
In their muted wild laughter.

On sun-flooded curtains of lucent white vapour,
A perfect bright rainbow
Springs up from the waters,
Its feet planted firmly,
Its arched hands so tenderly
Touching aloft in a moment ecstatic,
Then sinking again on its pedestal fleeting,
Gone like a dream
In the windy green waters.

10.—*Donjek River, Y.T.*

Sea-floor of silver
Far-bordered in green,
Ink-blue the hill forms,
Skies boiling with steam.

White peaks on the sky,
Grey heaps on the floor,
A camp by the river,
Dead trees on the shore.

Strands of the river
Criss-cross in the gravel,
Now lost and now found,
Unabated in travel.

11.—*Near Dry Creek, Y.T.*

Mountains all heathered
With scrub and pink grasses,
Roadsides alight
With sap greens and white boulders,
Pathway unrolled
Like a cream velvet ribbon,
Hummocky hills
Dripping candles of fir trees.

12.—*Ditty*
(Whitehorse, Y.T.)

Where I bought a bead belt
And read a poem new,

They handed me a writing case
With Indian and canoe.
I took it to Alaska,—
The whole way there and back
I pressed upon it on my knees
Fresh verses to bring back.

In Whitehorse is a lady,
An O.B.E., M.P.;
She wrote a book on flowers
And gave it all to me;
She sat in silver beauty
And chatted of the past:
She will not leave the Yukon
While life on earth shall last.

13.—*Inn, Alaska*

Late at night and weary,
Passing through the door,
Gladness and sweet laughter
Fell upon my ear:
The voice of young America,
Debonair and clear,—
A cowboy from Idaho
Yarning like a peer.

Yes, I'm Canadian,
Yet underneath the skin
The heart is half American—
God bless Alaska's inn.

14.—*Chena Slough*
(Fairbanks, Alaska)

A one-passer footpath
On springy small bridge;
Scout planes of all colours
Close moored to the ridge;
Their hues dye the river
Beneath the green banks,
And melt in reflections
Of stores on their flanks:
The rakes and the pioneers
Stroll by and stare,
As they skim the green water
And take off in air.

15.—*In Church, Fairbanks*

Ceiling white,
Walls flesh pink,
Concealed light,
Peace to think.

Bible read,
Science, too,
People fed,
Service through.

Down the aisle,
Greetings fair
Give the feeling
God is there.

16.—*President Emeritus*
(Dr. Charles E. Bunnell,
University of Alaska)

Seated in the sunshine,
Looking on his land,
Pondering the problems
Of an urgent time;
Scholarly and gentle,
Working fearlessly,
Able and resourceful,
Fighting for the free;

Visionary prophet
Laying down the reins,
Far beyond his fellows,
Simple as a child;
Storehouse of long wisdom,
Fugitive of time,—
Take the evening gently
In creative line.

17.—*Museum at College, Alaska*

The Aleut, the Pribilof,
Explorer, pioneer,
Can never be forgotten,
Who richly here appear;

Harpoons and ivories,
Water-skins and sleighs,
The richly ornamental dress
For ceremonial days;

Amulets and antlers,
Necklaces and pins,
Kayaks and sledges,
With bear and otter skins;

Arctic wolf and polar bear,
A large albino moose,
Seals, and birds, and wooden-ware,
Pack-board for papoose;

Paintings done by Eskimo,
Ore, and native jade,
Mountaineering pick-axe,
Baskets finely made;

Rare books that drifted up
With settlers who went down,
Records of past centuries,
Gifts of high renown:

Great opportunity—
The foresight of the few—
Is given to the present
Past ages to renew.

18.—*Ladd Air Field, Alaska*

During short-day winter
Light is palest night,
Arctic air and coldness
Have a wicked bite.

The mothers and the babies
Walk in the underground
To stores or to the cinema,
Or visiting around.

In hour of relaxation,
With parkas fastened tight,
The men pull on their mukluks
In sportive games to fight.

Centrepiece is Chapel,
Beautiful and clean:
"Holy, holy, holy"
On the altar screen.

In times of stress and danger,
Outpost of liberty,
Buffer from invasion,
Bastion of the free!

19.—*Mt. McKinley*
(Richardson Highway, Alaska)

All sudden it came—
Out I sprang on the roadway;
I looked till I trembled
Before the white splendour.
I dropped to my knees,
With my forehead to earth,
And prayed with my heart
To the Lord of creation
An outpouring of thanks
For revealing His glory,—
So all-overwhelming
The range in high heaven!
I sobbed on aloud,
Pierced through by the vision,
Till its beauty had washed me
And cleansed me forever.

20.—*Wrangel Trinity*
(Richardson Highway, Alaska)

Higher than clouds in azure,
Clear as God's purity,
Silent as secret wonder,
Three white forms float into view.

Can this be real? or illusion?
Is it mirage? Are they peaks?
Astounding, compelling picture,—
Is it Jehovah speaks?

Moving along in the valley,
Shining through spires of trees,
Ever their hallowed presence,
Bright, ethereal, at ease.

Veils of opal swim upward,
Leaving the peaks in the air
Like lilies of annunciation—
Blessing in evening rare.

21.—*Night Ride in Tok Valley*
(Alaska)

Peaks, range on range, in palest
blue cobalt,
Hills close around us in evening's
embrace:

Mood of shy beauty at hour of twilight
Breathes on the spirit an infinite peace.
Uphill and down in continuous motion,
Twisting and turning to east and to west,
Onward we rush through the darkening valley,
As over the north crags the Arctic rays linger.
Dusk in the forest, light still on the roadway,—
A porcupine waddles back home to the thicket.

22.—*Forty Mile Country*
(Alaska)

Through billows of fir trees
The spare miner wandered,
Panning for nuggets
In cold mountain streams.

In washed-over sand
Flakes of gold are still shining;
The miner is vanished
From Forty Mile River;

The moose and her young calf
In quiet still linger.

23.—*The White Horse*
(Y.T.)

High on the piebald mountain,
The full length of its crown,
Reclines the giant white horse
Above the Whitehorse town.

In winter's icy fastness
His form is hard to see,
In summer through his splotches
His ribs breathe deep and free.

All through the coming ages
No one will make him run,
He galloped through long centuries
And now his race is won.

24.—*Aurora*
(Whitehorse, Y.T.)

Sweeping up the silent skyway,
Colours whirling and unfurling,
Float the veils of the aurora,
Undulating and uncurling.

Lighting up the heavens at zenith
In ethereal, brilliant arc,
Borealis flames exultant,
Showering light into the dark.

See the whole arc lean to southward,
Whip around like spinning top,
Come to rest on the horizon,—
Sudden as it started, stop.

25.—*The Ghost Ships*
(Whitehorse, Y.T.)

The frigate Constitution,
Trafalgar's Victory,
Lie not in destitution
But immortality.

A strange romantic story,
That poets well may sing,
Enshrines the old Yukoner
And the Bonanza King.

Instead of immortality,
These famous bleaching hulks
Are beached in sad obscurity,
In doldrums and in sulks,

While new ships take the river
From skidways at their side,
To hurry down to Dawson
And slow returning glide.

Perchance the men of Whitehorse
Will learn their ancient lore,
Before too late turn out in force
Their ghost ships to restore.

26.—*Miles Canyon*
(Whitehorse, Y.T.)

In peacefulness and beauty,
The Whitehorse valley winds

Up to its narrow reaches
Where Yukon River grinds,

Cutting deep and deeper
Red rocky canyon walls
Impounding bounding waters
Within dark jade-blue pools.

The gorge so narrow, lonely,
The roar that never ends,
The magic of the wilderness,
Lure as the river bends.

Across the green-white whirlpool
A fragile ancient bridge
Gives solitary footpath
From ridge to rocky ridge.

The affluence of lowly things,
In tenure fugitive,
The stateliness of fir trees,
The grandeur primitive,

Speak with a timeless longing,
A spell of wonder cast,
Press on the heart with yearning,
Forever hold men fast.

27.—*Silver Creek Bay*
(Kluane Lake, Y.T.)

Quiet mirror, holding all there is;
Sky-blue cloudlessness above the haze,
Upside-down the land swims to our feet,
Crags of ice lie deep within its glaze,
Far away stretch cool, long streaks of jade,
Sandbanks distant catch the traveller's gaze,
Up the slopes the slender fir trees climb,—
Dream on silence in the silver noon.

Whish! A helicopter spins his top,—
Lifts on high his fragile, whirring crate.

28.—*The Innkeeper's Wife*

Centuries of Ireland
Behind her colleen eyes,
Tones of melancholy
In her voice arise,
Smiles of tender beauty
Linger in the mind,
Deeds of willing duty
Show her true and kind.

Such a gentle hostess
For the traveller new,
Such a grace of welcome,
Silent, fearless, true;
Capable and generous,
Training well her brood,
Perfect for her daily part,
Beautiful and good.

29.—*Deserted*
(Camp at Mile 422, B.C.)

Large was this camp of toiling, muscled men:
How they would stare if they came back again!
Where all was shelter, discipline, good food,
Nothing now is left but skeletons most rude:
Camp all deserted, desolate and grey,
Doors hanging open, windows torn away,
Shadows falling sharply inward from the sun,
Or softly in the twilight when the day is done:
Papers torn by storm-winds, lying all around,
Making so unsightly the once tidy ground;
Buildings twisted over, and curious of height,
Huddled close together in their dismal plight.

Now a thrifty inn-man gathers the debris,
Engines, stoves, and tires, and oddments of degree,

Heaping all together in large unwieldy pile,
Roofed in one shed only, with door-knob still for style.
Close within the woods, green, thick, and innocent,
Hide many little houses in retirement,
Kennels low for twenty lively husky dogs,
Each tied with leather thong to end of swinging logs:
These in the night, in momentary fear,
Open up together in a weird chorus clear.
Horses, by day, clip hoof-beats in the sand,
Or trail the wily grizzly at their lord's command.

30.—*The Wilderness*
(Mile 197, B.C.)

Deep wide valley, dropping from the road,
Vista far expanding of river, tree, and cloud,
Far above the eye-line, ranges high in air:
A wilderness that makes men stand and stare.

Slowly on the highway a lorry comes to halt,
Out upon the roadside men pile books and salt,
Paper, plates, and boxes, and other daily wares.
Why, here in the wilderness, where no one cares?

Sharply on the crest, in slender winding train,
Single file and silent, slowly, without strain,
Thirty seasoned horses, plodding each with pack,
All by three men only guided down the track.

Down, down, down, into the vastness drear,
Slithering and slowly, the horses disappear.
Hunters from the city are still to come in sight—
Grizzly, keep away! This is your fight!

31.—*The Mule Deer*

Quick, Look! See!
A young deer right ahead,
Off all fours so lightly,
With mule ears to his head.

Bound! Leap! Spring!
You graceful lovely thing,
To see you quite so near makes
The heart of me sing!

32.—*The Road Grader*

Long miles of wretched mud,
Skidding in the slime;
Truck-drivers feeling dud,
Fretting loss of time.

One tourist car gets through
And firmly takes the line
That all the mud-fast lorries
Will exodus on time.

Bearing down the eely road,
A giant road machine
Rattles his unwieldy load
To reach the trying scene.

The car draws up beside him,
Too great the noise to hear,
And yet above the Sunday din
A smile goes through to cheer.

A flash of swift emotion
Says plainly as can be:
"Gratefulness in motion
Is very sweet to me."

33.—*Clouds, Alberta*

You like your neighbour—
You know his worth;
You love your country—
The best on earth;
You drive to the mountains
And drop on your knees;
You cross the tundras
And sniff the breeze;
You sit by the lake
And watch the light;

You sail the oceans
And feel their might.
But give me a landscape
Domed in sky,
With clouds like argosies
Floating by,
Or piled in castles
Fairer than Spain,
Or rolling in vapour
And breaking in rain.
The mountains of earth
Are lordly to see,
But the clouds in the sky
Are heaven to me!

Ernest Wilson Sheldon

Department of Mathematics, 1910-1927
Died June 14th, 1950

A year or two ago, a colleague, not in the Department of Mathematics, expressed concern that in these days of severe specialization the University staff might gain in power but suffer from a lack of character-color, and with serious consequences. A relative newcomer to the Campus, he had been impressed by the wealth and variety of character exhibited by the older men. In particular, he named Ernest Sheldon as one of those few remaining to us. Now, too, he has gone. But not sadly, for he left in the midst of renewed friendships, after a busy and happy session at Acadia University, where he had been asked to serve as acting head of mathematics for 1949-50. The final memory of those who met him on that last day was one of the accustomed vigorous, cheerful, keen interest in everything.

If it is the role of the undergraduate teacher to stimulate the intellectual zeal of good students, Sheldon was an undergraduate teacher par excellence. Many students were puzzled by his subtlety; he must have disturbed those for whom ideas were things to be entombed in copy books for future exhumation. He could be expected any moment to deviate from his theme with a remark which could spark the initiated but which probably would confuse the others. Often the remark served as a delayed action fuse. The thought was for reflection; it could lead to conceptions wholly new to the listener.

What has impressed me most about this curious power he had to fire the thinking of others, was that it was by no means the specialist student alone who found new delight in thinking. Often it was the student with little permanent interest in mathematics who derived enormous mental stimulus from this man who could turn words and symbols into unexpected channels of vital meaning. Through the years the company of such students has grown; their lives have been unforgettably enriched by the cheerful sparkle of E.W.S. Far more important than diplomas are minds thus stimulated to think generally. As one such student, I consider this discovery is the best tribute to his memory.

His consuming interest was the University and he worked tirelessly at his interest. In consequence, the Department of Mathematics has always been a healthy department. We were always given freedom to live and breathe.

To return to the concern of my friend mentioned at the outset: can technical specialization alone produce the quality needed in an undergraduate teacher? I think not. Nor will mere libertarianism suffice. The ruins of European society represent a sorry failure in European education. Technical skill is necessary, but it is not sufficient.

Sheldon was stubbornly convinced that human society required more than material freedom and security as its goals. He had convictions about the nature of man and society which developed out of broad reading and constant analysis.

His was not easy idealism; he suffered for his convictions, and what is far more important, he grew because of them. Most of us stop with pharasaism; there is

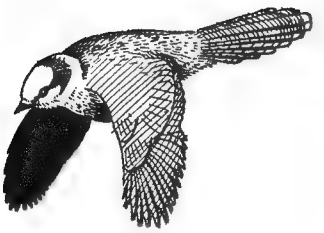
little or nothing the matter with us. Ernest Sheldon passed that stage years ago. He learned that self-righteousness was ultimately self-defeating. This discovery, which apparently few men make, changed his whole outlook. Moreover what he had experienced was joyously real. He had begun to learn what moral greatness could mean. I think it was Sir Alfred Ewing who once remarked that there were few great scientists. Sheldon began to feel in his being what Sir Alfred means. He found new hope and new confidence and an even deeper subtlety of outlook. He was no easy optimist, but he had earned serenity.

"Every man can be termed a chemical mixture of three verbs—being, doing and having. The mixture can vary. Where it is perfect, it is called love."

His was no mournful ending. My abiding memory-picture is that of a cheerful, confident traveller with upraised hand waving his familiar farewell.

ALEX COOK, B.Sc. '20.

Students' Union Building—The Mixed Lounge



Whiskeyjack . . .

Dear Friends:

Whiskeyjack is away, spending a year in far-off London town. There, we understand, he is reading diligently, searching tirelessly and adding certainly a few more feathers to his academic tuft. In general, he is keeping himself definitely absent from the old campus. We know: we miss him.

We are thus compelled to do what all editors must often come to when circumstances insist—fill in. But we shall make a virtue of necessity and take this opportunity to tell the Friends of the University a little of what is going on.

Quite recently Mr. H. R. Milner, who has been chairman of the committee of the Friends for several years, resigned and Mr. John Dower, a member of committee and a great friend, in particular and in general, of the University has become chairman. As a matter of fact we had hoped to persuade Mr. Dower to send you a message in this very column. But a little something must have warned him of our designs for he promptly disappeared in the general direction of Eastern Canada.

You will all be interested to learn

that in the period April 1943 to March 1950 your generosity has provided to worthy students bursaries to the value of $6,350.00. In addition you have made possible the purchase of many desirable and indeed necessary "extras" in departments of the University. But these latter appropriations have had to be pared considerably in recent months because of *a scarcity of funds*. We have been able to keep up the matriculation and undergraduate bursaries, but if we are to continue to give assistance in other quarters we must have more Friends.

There is not the slightest doubt that the Friends of the University, in organizing their generosity around the University and the young people who enter it are making an investment of immeasurable value. It may not furnish them with coupons to clip, but there can scarcely be a better way of going just that extra mile than enrolling as a Friend of the University of Alberta.

And if each Friend, now contributing, could let us know of someone else who might like to be a Friend, it would be wonderful!

—EDITOR.

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11611, 125 *Street,*
Edmonton, Alberta,
July 2, 1950.

The Editor, The New Trail,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Sir:

I am writing this letter to The New Trail as the only way in which I can express my gratitude to my anonymous benefactors, the Friends of the University. Friends, indeed, they have proved themselves to be, for without the assistance of the bursary provided by them I should have been unable to carry on with my university studies.

Trusting that you will find space to publish this letter, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) WILLIAM V. STILWELL.

* * * * * *

NEW FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY

M. E. A. Dubé, 1201 12 Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.

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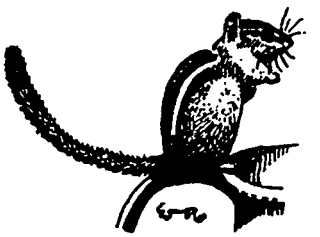
N.B.—Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscriptions.—Ed.



the chipmunk

Every fall we get a nostalgic desire to be starting back to university, but this year the desire is more than just nostalgia—the fact is, we are green with envy after seeing the beautiful new Students' Union Building! All summer we have been watching progress on the exterior and admiring the four panelled oak doors and the imposing sculpture above the entrance, but it was not until the formal opening on Thursday, September the twenty-eighth, that we were able to satisfy our curiosity as to the interior.

About three hundred people were present at the ceremony. Despite a raw, wet day, the visitors were warmly welcomed and ladies were presented with corsages of autumn flowers. Guests were then ushered into the main lounge since the weather did not permit holding the ceremony outside, as originally planned.

Seated on the platform, before a table bearing a model of the building, were a number of distinguished guests, among whom were President Andrew Stewart, The Honorable Ivan Casey, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, Chief Justice O'Connor, Mr. Francis Winspear, Mr. Charles M. McLeod and Mr. O. C. McIntyre of the Board of Governors, Acting Mayor Hanna of Edmonton, Alderman Hutchinson of Calgary, Professor I. F. Morrison, and Mr. Tevie Miller, past president of the Students' Union. Mr. Michael O'Byrne, president of the Students' Union, made a brief speech in praise of past members of the Students' Council and alumni groups, business men and others who had given generously of time and talent in making the building possible. Special mention was made of Bill Pybus, Union president in 1946, who, in recent years, did so much to promote the scheme. Mr. O'Byrne expressed the gratitude of the students for the provincial government's loan without which the building could not have been undertaken.

President Stewart dryly pictured students in future finding their comforts and recreational needs so well supplied by the new building that they might be tempted to ignore the older ones across the way. However, he expressed confidence that the students would show that they were capable of using wisely their new facilities for recreation and self-government.

Mr. Casey lauded the students for the initiative and ability they had shown in managing the difficult tasks involved in bringing the building to completion.

Then Mr. Casey and Mr. Stewart formally cut the ribbon, and the Students' Union Building was officially open.

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Following the ceremony, members of the Golden Key Society conducted the guests on tours of the building. Split up into groups, the visitors were taken first to the basement, which contains a large games room and a snack bar. The former, which provides facilities for billiards, table tennis and other games, is beautifully furnished in rich, dark loyalist maple. The snack bar, where light lunches are served, has sturdy grey and green tables and chairs, and is equipped with a commodious modern kitchen. Lockers, cloakrooms and showers are also located in the basement.

On the main floor is a large entrance hall lined on two sides with glass trophy cases. Across the two far corners are counters to be used for cigarette and candy concessions and ticket sales. The main lounge, on the east side of the main floor, is typical of the tasteful decorating and furnishing throughout the building. Here aquamarine walls contrast with pale grey blinds. The blonde furniture, upholstered in grey, red and aquamarine, is of the sectional type which allows for a variety of convenient arrangements. The new vertical venetian blinds, which have been used in almost every room, have aroused much enthusiastic comment. These are made, we are told, of celanese, and are available in a wide variety of shades. The vertical effect is especially pleasing in large rooms of this sort, and colors have been carefully chosen not only to blend with the color scheme, but to shade from lighter tones on the north windows to deeper where the southern exposure allows for more light.

To the west of the main hall there are offices and meeting rooms. A row of telephone booths is conveniently located along the hallway. Beyond these, alumni visiting the building, will find their secretary and editor in a spacious office with restful pale green walls and sunny yellow blinds.

At the end of the hall is the men's lounge. Color has been used most effectively here. The three outside walls are soft grey while the inside wall has been painted a striking maroon. Chairs are upholstered in rich blue and grey leather, the blinds are blue, and lamps provide accents of blue, grey and maroon.

Up the main staircase, past a huge window commanding a gorgeous view of the campus, is another hall. To the right are the offices of "The Gateway" and "The Evergreen and Gold." Besides other modern equipment the offices boast a dark room, and there are ample cupboards for cuts and so forth. We remember when "The Gateway" office was a cluttered little cubby-hole at the end of a dark hall in the Arts Building. Probably the recent location in Athabasca was little less conducive to efficiency. We have no doubt that former editors and contributors will appreciate what the new, up-to-date offices will mean to these two student publications.

Across the hall is the music room, decorated in harmonious shades of rose and green. It contains a handsome grand piano and comfortable chairs for listening and discussion. Adjoining it is the record room. Next to this is the control room for the building's inter-communication system over which messages or music may be broadcast to any room of the building.

At the west end of the second floor is the Men's Faculty Lounge. Here, as elsewhere on the second floor, colors are more subtle and the atmosphere more informal than on the main floor. Rich drapes of bright red, chartreuse and green on a beige background, dominate the room. There is a piano and informal groups of chairs and occasional tables. One end of the long room is partitioned by a magnificent red folding door, leaving a space suitable for banquets, bridge or other small gatherings. Off this is a well-appointed kitchen with a dumb-waiter leading to the main kitchen below.

* * * * *

After their tour of the building, visitors were taken to the beautiful, pine-panelled Wauneita room where tea was served before a cheerful blaze in the large open fireplace. As we sat chatting over cakes and sandwiches in this truly lovely room with its soft greens, wines and greys, and its rose-colored blinds, our feelings were a trifle mixed. We could not down a sneaking envy—a "born thirty years (not quite) too soon" sort of feeling—but uppermost was admiration for the splendid job of planning, excellent choice of luxurious yet practical furnishings, the wonderful combination of good sense and good taste that had made the building the "dream house" it is. The new building will mean tremendous enrichment of the social and administrative life of the students, and we are proud to think that the alumni were able to play their part in its successful completion.

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The Department of Chemical and Petroleum Engineering has instituted another new school designed for oil field workers. In addition to the Mud School and the Oil Treating

School, the Department offered, this summer, a Gas Metering School for men engaged in the production or transmission of natural gas. Instruction was given by Dr. D. B. Robinson, assistant professor in the Department.

Also for the benefit of the oil industry was a Management Institute held in Calgary by the university in co-operation with the Canadian Association of Oilwell Drilling Contractors. Held in the Palliser Hotel, the institute covered "Insurance Problems in Oilwell Drilling" and "Drilling Contractor-Oil Company Relationship."

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The Department of Extension held three Community Life Conferences in rural areas during the summer months. Purpose of these camps was "To bring people together in a spirit of neighborliness; to prepare ourselves for new and changing conditions; to assist in mobilizing the resources, leadership and talent of the district; to enrich the values of rural living." The program included World Affairs, Agriculture, Co-operative Activities, Home Economics, Recreation and Sound Films. Speakers were members of the Extension Department and the Provincial Department of Agriculture, local community leaders and Dr. Jan Burma, Canadian UNESCO Fellow, studying rural life in Canada.

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Quite a number of new awards have been approved by the Faculty Council. Among these is The Chief Justice's Silver Medal in Law offered by the Hon. G. B. O'Connor, Chief Justice of Alberta, for the second highest standing in the work prescribed for the LL.B. degree. The gold medal for highest standing in the Faculty was established by Hon. Horace Harvey, the late Chief Justice, and will be continued in perpetuity.

The Women's Auxiliary of the University of Alberta Hospital offers a scholarship annually in the amount of $500 to a graduate of the University School of Nursing for advanced study.

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Mr. Frederick Stapells, prominent Calgary businessman and member of the Senate of the University, offers a scholarship of $250 for graduates of the University of Alberta who wish to carry on further study here in the field of language, literature or social science.

The Board of Governors offer prizes of $25 each to all undergraduates in degree courses who obtained standing from 80% to 84% in the previous year's work, and to graduates in this category who return for a full year's intramural graduate study.

The Dorothy Jean Usher Memorial Scholarship for Medical Research is offered to a graduate or undergraduate for research in the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Alberta on some aspect of Medicine, with preference given to investigations regarding leukaemia. This scholarship is based on the income from a capital endowment of $10,000 given by Mr. Thomas Usher of Scollard, Alberta, in memory of his daughter, who graduated from the University School of Nursing in 1949 and whose death occurred shortly afterwards.

Students in, and graduates of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Alberta will benefit from recent increases in the value of certain awards.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Alberta has recently extended its program of scholarships in the Faculty of Medicine. The amount devoted to undergraduate awards is now $2,200 per year. Six scholarships of $200 each are offered as follows:

1. One to the student taking the highest average mark in the work of the first year.
2. One to the student taking the highest average mark in all courses in anatomy of the first year.
3. One to the student taking the highest average mark in all required courses in physiology and pharmacology. The award will be made at the completion of the second year.
4. One to the student taking the highest average mark in all required courses in biochemistry and clinical laboratory. The award will be made at the completion of the second year.

5. One to the student taking the highest average mark in all required courses in pathology and bacteriology. The award will be made at the completion of the third year.
6. One to the student taking the highest average mark in the work of the third year.

In addition, the College offers annually a research fellowship of $1,000 for undergraduates who have completed the second year of Medicine. This fellowship which provides for a year of research in one of the basic sciences is at present being held by Gordon Barry Pierce in the Department of Anatomy. Previous winners have been: Donald Alexander Holley, Donald Bruce Baker.

The value of the Alberta Tuberculosis Association Fellowship for recent medical graduates has been increased from $500 to $1,200. The holder of this fellowship spends a year in a provincial or federal hospital for tuberculosis in Alberta or in a department of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Alberta, under an approved program of studies.

Two of the nine Beaver Club Trust Awards made this year were won by graduating students in honours history at the University of Alberta, Mr. William Rodney and Mr. R. J. Mulligan.

The Trust from which the Scholarships are paid was created from surplus funds left by the Beaver Club, famous club in London, England, for Canadian service men overseas, following the end of World War II. Scholarships are in the amount of £500 a year and are intended to permit Canadian student veterans of high academic standing to carry on post-graduate studies in universities in Great Britain.

Mr. William Rodney was born in Drumheller, Alberta, in 1923 and attended school in Victoria, B.C., Lethbridge and Drumheller. He joined the R.C.A.F. in October, 1940, and served with distinction in the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. as Flight Commander in Bomber Squadrons flying over Europe. He won the D.F.C. and Bar for his part in these operations Mr. Rodney hopes to study at Cambridge University or the University of Paris in the field of Modern History.

Mr. R. J. Mulligan was born in Vegreville in 1918 and received his early schooling there. Following this he entered the Royal Canadian Navy as a boy seaman and served in the Navy throughout the war. Winner of a large number of academic awards and distinctions as a student at the University of Alberta, Mr. Mulligan hopes to carry on his studies in the School of Slavonic and East European Studies in the University of London.

Mr. Ivan Leigh Head, first year Law student at the University of Alberta, has been awarded the 1950 Scholarship offered by the Kappa Sigma Fraternity for Area 30 comprising the Universities of Alberta, British Columbia, and Toronto. The Scholarship, valued at $200, is based on extra-curricular achievement as well as on academic standing and is tenable in the academic year 1950-51.

Mr. Head was born in Calgary and received his public school education in that city. He attended High School in Edmonton at the University High School before entering the University of Alberta in 1947. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Head, now reside at 1214 8th Avenue South, Lethbridge, Alberta. Mr. Head has been a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity for two years and has been active in extra-curricular activities at the university as captain of the track team and member of a number of campus clubs and organizations.

Tevie H. Miller, for the past year President of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, has been awarded the J. D. O. Mothersill Memorial Scholarship.

The terms of the award of the scholarship call for the selection of a student who has made "outstanding contribution to student life in the University, especially through good citizenship and active support of student government." Mr. Miller was selected for this award both by a student vote at the recent Students' Union elections and by a special committee headed by the Provost, Professor H. T. Sparby.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Abe W. Miller of Edmonton, he attended school in the city and graduated from Westglen. Now in his senior year of Law, he has been active in

student affairs all through his university course. In 1948-49 he was the Alberta representative in the National Federation of Canadian University Students, and during the 1949-50 session he has been President of the Students' Union, a particularly responsible post because of the construction of the Students' Union Building.

Miss Emily Marie Spence, fourth year student in Honours Classics at the University of Alberta, has just been awarded a Resident Graduate Scholarship at Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. The Scholarship, tenable for one year, provides a cash grant of $650, and is supplemented by a further $200 bursary. Miss Spence will enroll for the degree of Master of Arts in Classics in the 1950-51 session at Bryn Mawr.

During the first three years of her course at the University of Alberta, Miss Spence maintained first class standing in her academic work and was the winner of a number of prizes and scholarships including the Scholarship of the Edmonton Council of Jewish Women, the B'nai Brith Scholarship, and the President's Scholarship. Miss Spence is a daughter of Dr. C. C. Spence of the Dominion Economics Division on the University campus, and resides with her parents at 11432 71 Street, Edmonton, Alberta.

Mr. Robert J. Buck of 10956 126 Street, who graduated from the University of Alberta in Honours Classics and Archaeology in May, 1949, has just been awarded a teaching Fellowship at the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Buck is at present completing the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts at the University of Kentucky, Lexington, where he holds a Fellowship in the field of Ancient Languages. While at Cincinnati, Mr. Buck will carry on his studies towards the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the field of Classics and Archaeology.

* * * * *

The Hon. Mr. Justice H. H. Parlee, who in May retired as Chairman of the University Board of Governors, was the luncheon guest of that Board at their last regular meeting, and was presented with a desk pen set inscribed as follows: "To the Honourable Mr. Justice H. H. Parlee, in grateful appreciation of ten years of devoted service as Chairman, 1940-50, from the Governors of the University of Alberta."

Mr. Justice Parlee was chairman of the University Survey Committee, 1941-42; he guided the business affairs of the University during the difficult war period and the period of great expansion that followed; he supported effectively the substantial building programme now nearing completion; he took a deep interest in the welfare of the staff. The President commented that "Mr. Justice Parlee's qualities as Chairman have been unsurpassed, including pre-eminently fairness, objectivity, and promptitude, the last of the greatest practical value considering the volume of business we had to dispatch," and asked him to accept the desk set as a tangible token of the deep appreciation of the Board for his leadership during "these wonderful ten years."

* * * * *

Several interesting changes have occurred in the Education staff. The Faculty of Education has separated for administrative purposes into three divisions, Elementary Education, Secondary Education, and Educational Psychology, to be headed by Dr. W. D. McDougall, Professor H. T. Coutts, and Professor G. M. Dunlop respectively.

Dr. McDougall, an M.A. graduate of the University of Alberta, completed his doctorate study at Columbia. He taught in Alberta schools for several years, and in 1929 joined the Normal Practice School staff, in 1939 transferring to the Edmonton Normal School. He became Associate Professor of Education when the University took over responsibility for all teacher-training in 1945, and has recently been promoted to Professor.

Professor Coutts is a graduate of Toronto and Alberta Universities. He taught school in Alberta for several years before joining the Provincial Department of Education as a superintendent. After three years in that post, in 1946 he was appointed Associate Professor of Education in the University.

Professor Dunlop has attended Saskatchewan and Alberta Universities, with post-graduate study at Columbia. After teaching high school in Medicine Hat and Calgary, he joined the

Provincial Department of Education in 1927, interrupting his work as instructor in the Edmonton Normal School to serve in the Canadian Army during the war. He then was appointed Associate Professor on the University staff, and lately has been promoted to Professor. For the past three years he has been director of the Summer Session, but will give up this work to assume his new duties in the Faculty of Education.

To succeed Professor Dunlop, Dr. J. W. Gilles has been appointed Director of the Summer Session. He holds the degrees of M.Ed. from Alberta and Ed.D. from Sanford. After teaching in Millet and Camrose, he joined the Provincial Department of Education staff in 1937, first as superintendent and later as Normal School instructor, becoming Associate Professor on the University staff in 1945.

Mr. J. D. Aikenhead, a graduate of the Universities of Manitoba and Chicago, is Assistant Professor in the Calgary Branch of the Faculty of Education. He taught in Alberta schools, mainly in Lacombe and Calgary for several years and for the past thirteen years has been on the Provincial Department of Education staff, first as inspector and now as superintendent of schools at Stettler.

To replace Miss Rae Chittick, who for the next year has been granted leave of absence to continue advanced study, Miss Eleanor W. Jamieson has been appointed Lecturer in Education in the Calgary Branch. She holds the degree of B.Sc. in Nursing from the University of Alberta, with post-graduate work at McGill.

Miss Zella Oliver, Assistant Professor of Education, has been granted a year's sabbatical leave, to continue graduate study at Columbia.

Students' Union Building—The Snack Room

» » Alumni Notes « «

'20

Dr. A. J. Cook has been promoted to the rank of professor and appointed to the newly established position of Director of Student Advisory Services

'21

William F. Wilson is now living at 721 North Road, Burquittam, B C

Dr. William A. Henry, formerly of Bentley, Alberta is now practising at Lacombe His office is in the Medical Centre there

'22

J. T. Jones of the Department of English has now been promoted to the rank of full professor

We were pleased to hear from **Mrs. M. Graham (Ivy Steele),** who has been living at Ponoka for some years Her husband is a doctor in that town Mrs. Graham reports a good time at the homecoming last fall

Mrs. A. B. Chiswell (nee **Pauline Caine)** has a beautiful farm home just east of Lacombe Son Allen tried Grade XII examinations this year (and we should be happy to hear how he made out).

'24

Janet Cook is teaching English at Red Deer on the staff of the Composite High School

'25

James C. Mahaffy has practised law in Calgary since graduation Mr Mahaffy is at present on the Board of Governors

'26

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Oke with their family of five children are still in Red Deer, where "Wes" is teaching English and drama in the Composite High School—that is, when he isn't growing spruce trees and hollyhocks

Inspector and Mrs. F. Mudiman are now living in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan The Inspector, who was on the R C M P. staff at Lethbridge, just recently received his promotion.

'27

John A. Morrison has been combining law and real estate business since 1940 He is located in Calgary

William J. Davis lives with his family on a grand looking farm about seven miles east of Ponoka

'29

Dr. W. D. McDougall '29 and **Professor G. M. Dunlop** '31, now both associate professors of the University of Alberta, have been promoted to professor of education

Mrs. Ernest Plester (nee **Violet Lotam)** has been in Rimbey for the past year.

Agnes May Comfort has been with the Nazarene College at Red Deer for seventeen years. The alumni secretary reports a very pleasant visit with her last June

'31

Arthur Allen has put down real roots in Red Deer He is in his nineteenth year there, and his one child, Sharna, is getting to be quite a big girl If you are looking for Art and can't find him, look on the Raven River or Pine Lake.

A. D. Sketchley, ad eundem, has been principal of Bowden school for the past three years He was formerly at Rosedale.

'32

R. D. Stanley is production superintendent at the Calgary Power Company in Calgary Mrs Stanley is the former **Adelaide Brocklebank** '31. The Stanleys have two boys

John L. Eaglesham is presently the District Agriculturist at Red Deer Mrs Eaglesham, the former **Norma Baker** '32, is president of the Red Deer and district University Women's Club

'33

William J. Gold has been with the Calgary Power Company since 1935 He has two daughters

Fred T. Gale is now manager of the Farm Electrification Company (Calgary Power Co), Calgary Fred has a wife and two kiddies

'34

Mrs. Margaret Hartledge writes us that she has taken up permanent residence in Ottawa where she has a teaching contract for Special French.

Mrs. C. H. Humber lives at Red Deer and has three fine children We can vouch for that—we saw them very recently.

Abe Aboussafy has a general store in Ponoka In fact, he has had it for six years

'35

Ralph Maybank and Mrs Maybank of Olds have a brand new son, Robert Clare. That makes three boys for the Maybanks.

Hilda Soderman is on the staff of the Composite High School at Red Deer.

Herman B. Rogers, formerly of Drumheller, has been in Red Deer for the past five years teaching commercial subjects in the Composite High School He has a black-eyed addition to the family, aged 28 months.

Robert Edward Byron has taken over new duties as supervisor of industrial arts for the Alberta Department of Education.

A. G. Robertson has been appointed to the position of Special Assistant to Manager of the Metallurgical Division of The Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada Ltd in Trail, B C He lives with his wife and three children in Tadanac. He is a member of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy.

'36

Alex M. Wynn has moved from Rimbey to Taber He is on the High School staff there.

We learn on good authority that the **Rev. C. C. Armstrong,** pastor of the United Church in Bentley, has moved to Didsbury.

Robert A. Cruickshank and Mrs. Cruikshank '38 are living in Olds Robert teaches in the High School and Mrs. Cruikshank looks after a family of three, aged eight, five and eight months

John McNeill has been with the firm of Burnet, Heseltine, McNeill of Calgary since graduation. He has a family of four.

W. R. McLaws is with the firm of McLaws and McLaws in Calgary. Mrs McLaws is the former Doris MacMillan of High River. The McLaws have three girls.

H. Stuart Patterson Jr. is a partner in the firm of Patterson, Hobbs and Patterson in Calgary. He was in the army for five years during the war. He has one daughter aged two and one-half years

Sidney G. Main took over duties as Edmonton's Police Magistrate in May

Frederick Ure Brown has been promoted to Superintendent of the Veterans Welfare Services Branch.

'37

Dr. Frederick G. Day has been appointed director for Alberta of Cerebral Palsy Treatment Services.

'38

Robert H. Barron is a partner in the firm of Helman, Mahaffy and Barron in Calgary. Robert served three and one-half years in the R C A F and is not yet married.

H. G. Bagnall is assistant manager of the Calgary office of the Anglo Canadian Oil Co From 1940 to 1943 he was production superintendent in Trinidad He is married and has two sons

Dan Kobylnyk has been with the Calgary Power Company in Calgary for 12 years He is married and has two sons

S. S. Cosburn has moved from Calgary to 469 Kipling Street, Victoria He is with the Oil Control of B C. Department of Lands as petroleum geologist and engineer.

'39

Barbara Leslie Conrod, now Mrs Lloyd R. Messner, is living at Elsa in the Yukon Territory

George Davidson Wright is with the Imperial Oil Company in Devon.

C. William (Bill) Ireland has been in his father's office in Calgary since 1946 Mrs Ireland is the former **Eleanor Porter** '39, and there is one son, aged seven

Ernie MacLeod, who has been with the Calgary Power Company in Calgary for several years, has been transferred to Charlottetown, where he will be with the Maritime Electric Company Limited He is married and has one son.

Wilbur King is kept very busy by his position as an engineer with the Farm Electrification Company (Calgary), his wife and one child

Mrs. Haug (nee **Mary Hamilton** '39) is now living at Kelowna, B C , where her husband is in the coal business.

'40

Margaret C. Murray has moved from Montreal to Ottawa where she is living at 29 Wendover Avenue.

Born to **Mr. and Mrs. Norman P. Hager** (nee **Lelia Scott** '40) in Vancouver, a son, John Scott, on March 22, 1950.

Craig Langille has been appointed third secretary of the Canadian Embassy in Buenos Aires.

Dr. Nelson J. Bradley is superintendent of the State Hospital, Pouch (A), in Hastings, Minnesota

Gordon Sweet has a drug store in Lacombe, and now has in addition, quite a new daughter, Betty Jean Mrs Sweet is the former Minerva Marler

P. H. Powers has been with the Can-Tex Drilling Company in Calgary for two and one-half years He is married and has a family of two, a boy and a girl

W. A. McGillivray of the firm of Fenerty, Fenerty, McGillivray and Robertson in Calgary, was married this summer. Mrs McGillivray is a graduate from the University of New Brunswick

Rubon Hoar has been with the Calgary Power Company in Calgary since his graduation He is married and has two children

Colin Mitchell is an engineer in the Equipment and Waterworks Department of the Calgary Power Company in Calgary. He is married and has one son Mrs Mitchell is the former **Laura Christenson** '40.

'41

Earl Charles Dixon is a chartered accountant in Vancouver The Dixon address is 3030 Brookridge Heights, North Vancouver.

Henri Guy Forgues is principal of the High School in Olds Mr. Forgues previously spent several years in Southern Alberta. He has a family of three youngsters.

Dr. Fred Pedlar and Mrs. Pedlar (nee **Nettie Garfield** '38) have been in Olds for five years They have two little girls, the youngest just a few months old

Clarence Johnson has been since 1945 with the firm of Porter, Allen and Millard in Calgary Before that he was a lieutenant in the army He is married and has a boy two years old

F. R. Matthews has been with the law firm of Porter, Allen and Millard since 1946. He is married and has one son and one daughter.

R. R. Mahaffey is in the Land and Lease Department of California Standard Oil in Calgary. There is a Mrs Mahaffey, too.

Donald Lee Redman is a petroleum engineer with the California Standard Oil Co. in Calgary. He was married in September

Don McCormick is practising law with his father in Lacombe Don, you may recall, was married overseas and now has a family of one boy and one girl.

Gault MacAllister is creamery inspector, Dairy Branch of the Department of Agriculture, and is located at Red Deer. Gault has a wife and two small sons.

'42

Kenneth Wiltshire McKerns has obtained his Ph D at McGill, and is now chief biochemist with Canada Packers in Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Craig are getting along splendidly at Red Deer The Craig's have three bonny kiddies, and the clinic with which Dr Craig (Daddy) is associated has a brand new building Mrs Craig is an M D. graduate, too, but she is, we imagine, practising strictly at home

H. B. Stelfox is agronomist in charge of field crops at the Dominion Experimental Farm at Lacombe He and Mrs Stelfox (nee **Margaret Anderson**) are very proud of their two children

Mervyn Jaque is still, after six years, looking after the Lacombe Flour and Feed Mill, and manages to find time to take in the odd baseball tournament.

Howard F. Gain has been with the law firm of Nolan, Chambers, Might, Saucier and Peacock in Calgary since 1947. He served three years in the R C N V R as a lieutenant, and is still single

Dr. William R. Upton and Mrs Upton (the former Irene L Young) of Calgary have a new daughter, Judy Irene, a few months old.

Marion Allen at the spring convocation received her M A from the University of Brigham Young, and is now teaching French and Spanish in Ogden, Utah.

C. S. Dunkley has been with the California Standard Oil Co in Calgary for five and one-half years. He is a petroleum engineer, is married and has two sons.

Robert D. Freeze is with the firm of Fenerty, Fenerty, McGillivray and Robertson in Calgary.

'43

Dr. W. D. Gainer will teach business administration at the University of Alberta with the rank of assistant professor of political economy.

Dr. Charles A. Allard has been awarded the American Board of Surgery degree, one of the highest surgical degrees in the U S

W. Charles Gordon has left Olds and is now district agriculturist at Ponoka. Charlie is married and has a daughter four years old.

F. M. Jacobs is now at Red Deer teaching animal science at the Composite High School. Mr. Jacobs was formely at Medicine Hat. He is married and has one boy and one girl.

Robert G. Black has been with the law firm of Nolan, Chambers, Might, Saucier and Peacock since 1944. Mrs. Black is the former **Evelyn Peterson** '43.

Dr. W. C. Prowse has just been appointed resident in internal medicine at the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton. He was recently at Brooks

Gustave Engbloom has been with the Calgary Power Company in Calgary in the Equipment and Waterworks Department for four years. He has two boys

Harvey Allen is at the Dominion Experimental Station at Lacombe, busy directing—well, all we heard him talk about was some special kind of ploughing It sounded quite technical, but then, we wouldn't know.

Albert B. Samuel has been city engineer in Red Deer for the past three years. We imagine he finds plenty to do in that thriving city.

Doris Douglas seems to be more than busy in Cornett's Drug Store in Red Deer,. N B — She took time out, though, to pay her alumni dues.

'44

John Dubeta writes from Palo Alto, California, where he is studying towards him D Ed. degree at Stanford University. He tells us that the pleasant surroundings and lovely climate help to make a student's life more tolerable

Jim McPhail is with Winspear, Hamilton and Anderson at Dawson Creek, B C.

Dr. J. L. Edwards is now practising at Sylvan Lake and Red Deer. One would imagine that he keeps himself fairly busy

E. Frank Murphy went straight to Red Deer after his graduation, and is now taking care of a brisk practice, a wife and a son of two years.

Mrs. J. R. Ferris (nee **Ernestine Tregale**) has been very busy since her marriage in 1946 rearing a family—we hear of a boy two and one-half and a girl nine months.

Robert Coulson Schrader is now in Regina with the Rio Bravo Oil Company His address is 303 Canada Permanent Mortgage Building.

Stewart Newhall has joined the staff of the Equipment and Waterworks Department of the Calgary Power Company in Calgary He is still single

D. Stuart Kennedy is moving from Olds to Calgary He will be on the staff of the Junior High School in that city.

Mrs. Jeanne Riddell, when we last saw her, was looking forward to holidays after a hard year's work on the staff of the Ponoka High School Mrs Riddell teaches French and English

Ian Douglas Crawford has been with Canadian Shell Oil Company since 1944 He is stationed in Calgary.

'46

John E. Houlgate is employed with Clements and Company, General Contractors, of Hayward, California His address is 8871 Heyer Avenue, Castro Valley, California

Adelle L. Roginsky, honours chemistry graduate, who received her Master's degree from the University of Chicago in 1949, is working on a doctor of philosophy degree in chemistry. She received the Edith Barnard Memorial and Charles H Viol fellowships

Gretta Alberta Hanna of Ponoka was recently married to Mr. Walter Kaasa She will be living in Edmonton, where she is appointed to the city staff.

Albert Golden is with the California Standard Oil Company in Calgary He is a geologist.

Irene J. McBride has left Rimbey and is now at Oyen

'47

C. H. Olson is employed with the Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas Company in Calgary as a geophysicist in the Production Department.

Merron Chorny is teaching at Grimshaw.

Dr. Francis J. Leboldus and Mrs Leboldus of Rimbey have a beautiful new daughter, Theresa Maureen She seemed a little careful of her smiles when we saw her at the age of six weeks, but she didn't need to smile to be lovely.

Eldon Bliss is teaching social studies and English in Lacombe High School. Besides all

this, he has built a house with a blue roof for Mrs Bliss and two boys. It strikes me there is a fair amount of "bliss" in the little house with the blue roof.

Dr. Harold Bell has been in Lacombe since completing his interneship at the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton. He is leaving shortly for Montreal where he will take a year in special surgery at the Queen Mary Veterans' Hospital.

Mrs. Lulu Grace Koechele, formerly of the Nazarene College at Red Deer, is now at the University of Illinois on a scholarship Before attending this university, she studied at Olivet Nazarene College, Kankakee, Illinois.

D. C. Prowse is now with Fenerty, Fenerty, MacGillivray and Robertson in Calgary. He is married and has two children

George H. Dawe is principal of Elementary Schools in Red Deer. George was four years with the R C A F , then he finished his degree at the University and now is well away to a good start at Red Deer

Albert L. Oke and Mrs Oke have been living in Olds for the past year. Albert is teaching mathematics and science in the Olds High School

Mrs. Terence Oldford (Kathleen Thompson) is living just east of Penhold. Her husband has a fine farm near the Pine Lake highway, and there is a small son Terry, aged two.

Shirley McPhail, who is at the dispensary of the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Edmonton, spent her holidays in Italy.

Teaching here in the city is **E. D. Hodgson.** He is on the staff at Victoria High School

J. H. Lazelle is now in Calgary where he is teaching on the staff of the Langevin High School He was formerly at Okotoks.

R. F. Galvin is teaching mathematics and science in the Ponoka High School. He spends his spare time building houses—and nice ones, too!

We have it on good authority—in fact, the very best— that **Mr. and Mrs. Eoin Whitney Marion Roberts** '48) have a brand new son, born June 8, 1950 The Whitneys are still at Harvard, and no doubt the little chap will be another "whiz" at mathematics.

Mr. Thomas D. Thorson, who has been recently on the staff of the Ponoka schools, is now principal of schools at Mecca Glen, Alberta.

William Lloyd MacKinnon, formerly with the Dunford Drug Company in Calgary, is now in Ponoka.

Jack Starritt was recently admitted to the bar, and is with the firm of Helman, Mahaffy and Barron in Calgary

Audrey McDonough, formerly of Wetaskiwin, is now with the Red Cross Transfusion Service in Montreal.

J. M. Ballachey has been since graduation with the firm of Burnet, Heseltine & McNeill, Calgary. He is married and has one little daughter.

Donald Douglas Lougheed will soon be returning to Calgary after spending a year in Tulsa, Oklahoma, with Imperial Oil. Mrs. Lougheed is the former Doreen Bradley.

Percy P. Collins, a teacher for eight years in and around Rimbey, is now at the High School there, worrying the mathematics and science bones.

Mrs. Bertha Glass (nee Marquandson) is in the Rimbey High School, where she seems to be very busy with time tests and "what have you".

S. A. Read has settled for the time being, after his sojourn with D V A , at Bentley. Mr. Read is principal there, and all the Reads, including Mrs. Read and two bairns, seem quite contented.

Eileen McCaffery is now Mrs. Tom Alexander We believe she lives on a farm a few odd miles out of Lacombe.

Harry V. Lindskoog is with Duncan Stuart Accountant's Office in Lacombe. Harry seems to be doing well, though a little bothered by the wretched accountancy exams.

Jack Allen is leaving Lacombe, where he has been on the staff of the High School, and will be in Edmonton this fall. Jack, by the way, has a wife and two quite young kiddies.

Pauline Arnett is a member of the staff of the Red Deer Composite High School. She has charge of physical education and health.

G. W. Sparling, formerly of Calgary, is now at the Red Deer Composite High School, where he has charge of intermediate and high school shop subjects

The **Robert D. Rossers** (nee **Doris M. Sheppard** '38), who are living in Hamilton, have had a recent change of address. Their new address is Apartment 4, St. Laurent Apartments, 121 Emerald Street South, Hamilton.

Amelia Randle is the managing dietitian of the new residence and cafeteria for employees at the Dominion Experimental Station in Swift Current, Saskatchewan.

Born to **Mr. and Mrs. Bill Selezinka** on July 19, 1950, a son

Donald J. Duff, who graduated from Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism last June, has taken up residence in Vancouver at 4522 Bellevue Drive. He is employed on the staff of the Vancouver Daily Province. We might also add that he and Mrs Duff (nee **Beth Elinor Edwards** '47) are parents of a daughter, Julie Anita, as of August 23. She is a sister for Jamie.

Wellington McLean, formerly of Delburne, is now teaching languages at the Lacombe High School.

Margaret Maxine Stock has been in Calgary for the past ten months with the Dunford Drug Company.

Cecil Molyneux is now with the firm of Nolan, Chambers, Might, Saucier and Peacock. Cecil saw four years of service with the R.C.N.V.R.

Alan Beattie has left Red Deer and is now district agriculturist at Berwyn.

Dr. Douglas Nalder Allen has his office in the Greyhound Building in Calgary. Douglas is doing well, and, we understand, was married in September.

Stephen H. Wood has been, since graduation, with the firm of Porter, Allen and Millard in Calgary.

John Richard Smith is with the firm of Shouldice, Milvain and MacDonald in Calgary.

Bob Staysko has been with the California Standard Oil Company since his graduation He is married and has two sons

Roger Miller is with the Calgary Power Company in Calgary. He is married and has a little son.

Einar Overn is an engineer with the Calgary Power Company. He had a rather bad spell of illness, but is now recovering. He has a wife and two daughters.

Winnifred L. Miller is a junior stratigrapher with the Shell Oil Company in Calgary.

W. R. Brennan is with the firm of Fenerty, Fenerty, MacGillivray and Robertson in Calgary. He has a three year old daughter.

Ray C. G. Ohlsen is teaching commercial subjects at Red Deer Composite High School He was until two years ago at Stony Plain.

Harvey S. Robinson is now with Shell Oil in Calgary as a junior stratigrapher. He was recently married.

Ivan Mallett, with his wife and two children, is happily settled in Ponoka, where Ivan is on the staff of the High School

J. T. Wylie will be returning to the University to continue his studies in theology He is studying for the United Church ministry He is married and has one little girl

'50

Nicholas Sidjak, graduate in engineering physics, drowned this summer in the Ottawa River.

W. R. MacMillan has opened a practice in Nanaimo, B.C. His address is 185 Robins Street.

E. C. Lowe has landed at the Dominion Experimental Farm at Lacombe in the cereals division By the way, he is married.

V. T. Janssen, veteran and father of two boys is located at the Dominion Experimental Farm at Lacombe, interesting himself in animal husbandry

Norman Parry is with Westinghouse Limited in Hamilton, Ontario

Eion Chisholm is located now at Red Deer, where he is the assistant district agriculturist

BORN

To Mr and Mrs Alex Gilmour **Markle,** 122 Melrose Avenue, Ottawa, Canada, on July 27, 1950, a daughter, Maureen Rose.

Yes, it is the same name and the same family!—Ed.

RECENT MARRIAGES

ARTHUR F. PEDLAR '50 and Frances Joan Savage
EDWARD B. ALLSOPP '47 and Lorna C Pirie.
THOMAS HARDIN '49 and **PHYLLIS HARRIET ESTRIN,** '47
DR. HENRY A. GRIMSRUD '50 and **MARION E. BRENNAN** '49
KENNETH E. LESLIE (student) and **ROSALIE A. McHAFFIE** '49
ARTHUR J. OSWALD (student) and **ZETTA KRUKOWSKI** '49
WILLIAM A. CASE '49 and Mabel U Parker
WILLIAM L. INGRAM '49 and Estelle L DuBois.
STEPHEN M. ISTVANFFY '49 and **JACQUELINE A. MacKAY** '49
LEO D. ROGERS '49 and **MONICA J. NOONAN** '48.
JOSEPH J. STRATTON '47 and Philomena Dwaney.
BENJAMIN T. DALSIN '47 and Jeannette E McLaren
WILLIAM P. CAMPBELL '49 and Marion Elaine Hambley.
CHESTER D. GORDON '49 and Sybil M MacLeod
WALTER M. LUPUL '50 and Dorothy M. Fricker.
DONALD L. REDMAN '41 and Audrey Cawsey
KENNETH H. GEE '47 and Muriel P. Hawe.
HAROLD D. ANDERSON '49 and **IRENE E. GLEN** '49.
LEONARD A. MAHER '47 and Constance B Eccles.
GEORGE S. F. DAVIS '49 and Eileen L Macartney
LEONARD J. BURTON '49 and Ella Potts
JOHN P. FOSTER '49 and Joyce H Lesik
STEPHEN I. HNATKO '48 and Marie V. Hrychowian
DR. NORRIS R. BERTRAND '49 and Jean Layng
DR. ERNEST E. McCOY '49 and Anne Ostry
DR. WILLIAM E. J. POURBAIX '48 and Aileen M. Benn
DR. TERENCE M. RARAGOSKY '43 and Olga Luciw
ELDON D. FOOTE '45 and **LOIS P. NICHOLS** '49.
PAUL G. ROONEY '49 and Mary E B Carlisle

NEWS . . . . from the branches

Since the last issue of **The New Trail** went out we have heard unofficially of some doings sponsored by various branches, but to date not many have got around to sending us any copy. Secretaries of branches please note that we are always looking for news of your branches' activities.

The "Dents"

The Dental Alumni Association took advantage of the fall refresher course at the University of Alberta to arrange a banquet on September 18, in the Macdonald Hotel.

An enthusiastic crowd enjoyed the cocktail hour and after dinner a rousing hour of entertainment Then the meeting got down to business.

President Phil Kendal presented a parting gift to Archie McEwen, who was leaving shortly for Georgia, Bruce McKenzie pinned a red rose on each member of the first gradu-

ating class of 1927, and the president on behalf of the association handed to Dean Hamilton a cheque for one hundred dollars—a donation toward the furnishing of his office.

Dr. L. S. Fosdick, professor of chemistry at Northwestern University Dental School, Chicago, Illinois, was the guest speaker.

The new officers are:
President—Dr. Faust Gowda, Edmonton
Vice-President—Dr. Dave Haworth, Calgary.
Executive—Dr. Sperry Fraser, Edmonton; Dr. Jack Walker, Calgary; Dr. Ray Dickson, Saskatoon.

Winnipeg

From flood-swept Winnipeg comes an encouraging report from Dr. Elwood Stringam:

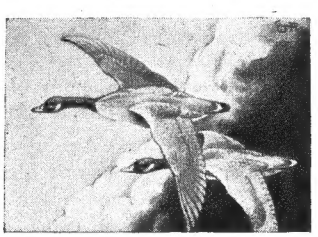
"We wound up our year in good style on April 19th and a new executive was voted into office. Cliff Osterland of Canadian General Electric is the new president, Eric Stuart vice-president, Dorothy Grant is secretary, and Houlihan is again treasurer. By way of information, and to give you an idea of our past year's activities, they were as follows:

The fall round-up at which Barc Pitfield and yourself were present; there was a dinner in February which had us all looking for oil leases in Alberta, as a representative of Imperial Oil Limited was our guest speaker. Then there was our annual dinner in April at which Professor "Sol" Sinclair of the Agricultural Economics Division here took the assembly on a rapid tour of Europe and Palestine. All in all, it was a fairly good year."

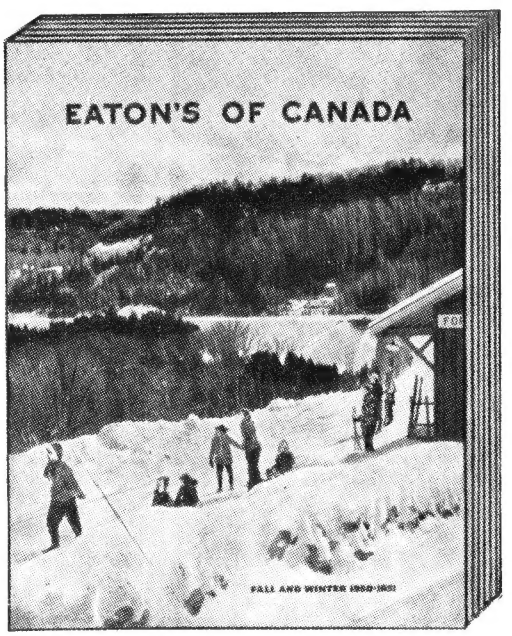
In spite of the fact that so many of our graduates in Winnipeg were hit by the flood—Dr. Stringam was one of them—this branch went ahead with its effort on behalf of the Furnishing Fund and was able to send along a cheque for quite a considerable sum.

Here's hoping the new dikes will be sufficiently high and strong.

We regret to record the death on September 30, 1950, of Dr. Robert David Sinclair ,B.S.A. (Alberta), M.Sc. (Iowa), Ph.D. (Aberdeen), dean of the Faculty of Agriculture, University of Alberta.



EATON'S 1950-51



FALL and WINTER CATALOGUE

Is now off the Press!

What a thrill you will get, when you receive this colourful, big 646-page Catalogue. When you do, check it thoroughly —from the beautiful Women's Coats, at the front of the book, right through to the money-saving "Economy" section at the back.

For home, there's news in the wide assortment of richly colourful patterns in Floor Coverings on pages 497-502, the smart sectional Furniture on page 463, the bright, bold, new designs in Plastic Draperies on page 505.

But these are only highlights, we could go on and on, pointing out items of interest from clothing sections, home furnishings, staples, hardware and all the others. Thousands of useful items of dependable quality merchandise at EATON'S moderate prices.

THE T. EATON Co WESTERN LIMITED

Our cover reproduction for this issue is the work of Mr J B Taylor, A O C A , Painting Division of the Department of Fine Arts, University of Alberta

We do not know which one of the many oilfields in Alberta Mr Taylor had in mind, but one would not have to go very far to find just such a scene as we see here.

We are very grateful indeed to Mr Taylor for permission to use **"The Oilfield".**